

INJUSTICE IN THE DIVORCE COURT.

THE daily papers have dealt at least sufficiently with the matrimonial disputes of Lord and Lady Russell and their culmination in the Divorce Court. It is hardly necessary to add to the volume of more or less trite moralising on that somewhat vulgar story. Lady Russell belongs to a family which has had some strange vicissitudes, and more than one remarkable experience in the Law Courts; but nothing in its story has conveyed quite so unpleasant an impression to the mind as the narrative which was unfolded in the Divorce Court last week. The only regret which ordinary persons must feel is that two people so eminently unfit for each other should be bound together as Lord and Lady Russell are at this moment. But there is no power by means of which husband and wife can be legally separated under existing circumstances, and all that one can hope is that they will make the best of it, and reconstruct, if they can, their lost happiness out of its shattered fragments so ruthlessly exposed to the public view.

It is not of either Lord Russell or his wife, however, that we have to speak now, but of the cruel and scandalous wrong inflicted upon an innocent man during the course of these remarkable proceedings. Lady Russell, suffering apparently from some hysterical delusion, had formed in her own mind a belief that her husband had been guilty of abominable wickedness, and that his partner in this gross offending was a gentleman of stainless character who had been a guest on more than one occasion under her roof. There is no accounting for the variety, the absurdity, or the vileness of the delusions of a woman afflicted by hysteria, and it is perhaps only fair to Lady Russell to regard the charges she brought against her husband's friend as the hallucinations of insanity. But what are we to say of the skilled advocate, holding almost the highest position in his profession, who placed those hallucinations before a jury, and in doing so compassed the ruin of an honourable man, against whose character he did not possess a scrap or a shadow of evidence? Sir Edward Clarke during the course of the proceedings received a testimonial from the Judge of the Divorce Court for his honourable conduct in professional matters. If that testimonial was deserved, and if in his treatment of what is known as the "Roberts incident" the Solicitor-General did not exceed his rights as an advocate, we can only say that under the shadow of the law of England, and at the hands of its most eminent advocates, the most cruel and infamous wrongs can be inflicted upon innocent persons. We should like some further assurance on this point, however, for we own that we find it difficult to believe that any man can be treated as Mr. Roberts was in the course of this trial without some violation of professional usage. The world knows that for the hideous charge insinuated against him by Lord Russell's wife there was not the faintest foundation in fact. Sir Edward Clarke himself carefully abstained from making that charge, though he was not unwilling to allow the poisonous insinuation to sink into the minds of the jury. In the end the accusation was dismissed by the judge with contempt, and every man in Court knew that Mr. Roberts was not only an absolutely innocent person, but a victim of as cruel and shameful an outrage as has ever been perpetrated in a Court of Justice. What remedy has he against the people who have wronged him? What reason, if the proceedings in this disgraceful case were in accordance with legal practice, has any man to feel that he is secure against similar wrong in the future? Mr. Roberts

had been the friend and guest of Lord and Lady Russell, and on that solitary fact was based the justification of a charge the infamy of which it is impossible to exaggerate. In the quarrels of husband and wife he had absolutely no part, nor was his name connected even remotely with the squalid details with which Lady Russell saw fit to regale the ears of the jury. Yet none the less has his whole career—honourable as it has been in the highest degree—been placed under a baleful shadow, from the blighting effects of which this unhappy gentleman will find it difficult to escape. His case, as we have said, may be the case of any man amongst us to-morrow. Even Sir Edward Clarke himself must sometimes have spent an hour in the society of a friend, may even, when staying in a country house, have donned a smoking jacket when he was about to indulge in a cigar. Does he seriously think that it would be fair on these grounds to make against his personal character the kind of insinuation which was uttered against that of Mr. Roberts? If he does not, will he tell us upon what grounds he justifies the course he took as Lady Russell's counsel? And if he refuses to open his mouth, is it too much to ask the head of the profession, his own colleague, the Attorney-General, to say whether all that happened during this case was consistent with the high honour of the Bar of England? It seems to us that our daily contemporaries have lamentably failed in their duty in not calling specific attention to the outrage upon Mr. Roberts, and to the circumstances under which it occurred, and we shall not be satisfied until we have elicited from some unimpeachable authority a full expression of opinion with regard to an incident that, as it stands at present, must fill every honest man with an unspeakable indignation.

There is one other point in connection with this case which deserves a word of comment. For days our daily newspapers with hardly an exception were flooded with the miserable details of Lady Russell's domestic experiences, real or imaginary, just as they have since been flooded with the story of the similar experiences of a well-known actress. The speeches of statesmen, the gravest questions of foreign policy, the most urgent measures of social reform, all, in the opinion of the directors of no inconsiderable portion of the press, must give way to the demands of a "spicy" divorce case. We are well aware that the editors of the daily newspapers have the right to determine for themselves what they will and what they will not publish for the edification of their readers; but surely it is not too much to ask of them that they will exercise some kind of self-restraint in this matter, and will not, for the sake of a temporary gain, flood every household in the land with the sickening stories of the Divorce Court. If they refuse to give heed to the most evident considerations of duty and moral expediency, we trust that the Legislature will not be afraid to step in and protect the public against them.

Already Judges in their wisdom have succeeded in restraining the publication of the details of trials for crimes of a certain class, and there is no valid reason why they should not in a similar way interpose to prevent the publication of trials in the Divorce Court. We regret that we should have to suggest anything like legislative interference with the freedom of journalists; but there is manifestly a point at which that freedom becomes an intolerable public nuisance, and it seems to us that it has been reached in connection with recent proceedings like those with which the names of Lady Russell and Miss Florence St. John are associated. The able editors who employed their pens in expounding the trite moral of a modern *mariage à la mode* might much more profitably have used them in discussing

their own part in connection with the publication of proceedings in the course of which a cruel and irreparable wrong was inflicted upon an entirely innocent man, whilst a whole flood of vulgar trivialities was let loose upon the public mind. It certainly seems that the time is come when someone should speak out on this subject, as well as upon that other to which we have ventured to call attention.

THE ARMY REFORMERS.

WITH characteristic effrontery, most Radicals are prepared to maintain that they are the best, if not the only possible, military reformers, and they are wont to point to such measures as the shortening of enlistment, the abolition of flogging and of purchase, as achievements of theirs without which the Army of to-day would scarcely exist at all. But it has been decided and agreed among all superior persons, that questions of Army reform are beyond the competence of mere Separatists, and that their opinions thereon are not helpful. In these circumstances, we despised ones may well derive a malicious consolation from observing the incidents of the internecine fray which the Jingoes, the alarmists, the pessimists, the official optimists, the professed reformers, and the henchmen of the "Royal Bony," are carrying on among themselves. The unhappy Mr. Stanhope, whom all men unite in decrying, has been hitherto alone unheard. As Dr. Johnson said, "I should very much like to hear what the mad dog had to say about it." Mr. Stanhope, indeed, spoke last night at Hammersmith, but we need hardly tell our readers that these lines were in type before he had opened his mouth.

If our Army is as worthless as the Pipe-clay Jeremiads would have us believe, it is some consolation for the average taxpayer to reflect that the fact that it is so accounts to a great extent for the unvaried and surprising sanity of Lord Salisbury's foreign policy and constitutes a guarantee of its continuance. Had England two efficient Army Corps ready to take the field, and were the War Office not in a state of chaos, we may well reflect that the duchesses and the clubs would give the Cabinet no peace unless and until it consented to make some mad and criminal endeavour to restore the "dear Orleans family" to the throne of France.

But granting, for a moment, that Radicals are unfit to be heard as disputants in the controversy, we may, perhaps, be allowed to express the reflections which occur to us as disinterested spectators. And, in the first place, we would point out that, even if the War Office is as ill-organised, and our system as bad, as the critics say, the case of John Bull is by no means without hope. At home, indeed, he appears to have reproduced in the military sphere that general muddle and overlapping of jurisdictions for which he is already notorious in his local government, legal, ecclesiastical, educational, and charitable arrangements. But in India, on the other hand, he has created and maintained a military organisation which, for simplicity, efficiency, celerity, lucidity, and dignity of movement, is unequalled by that of any nation in the world. If he can do all that out there, he can—the causes which clog his reforming instincts being removed—repeat the achievement over here. Chief among hindering causes, as everyone on the inside track agrees, is the presence of a royal duke, of anti-reforming tendencies and a masterful nature, within the precincts of the War Office itself. This is the moral which is to be read between the lines of the Report made by the

Hartington Commission, of the letters of "Vetus," and of Sir George Chesney's article in the *Nineteenth Century*. One can even trace the same pernicious doctrine in the sprightly, well-informed, and good-humoured pages of the official apologist, "B," in the *Fortnightly Review*. All are agreed that so long as those who would aggrandise that mere soldierly element, which is the foe of sound administration, have as their champion a man whose venerable age, prolonged service, unswerving honesty, unquestioned brain-power, faultless mastery of detail, domineering personality, and exalted position put him beyond criticism or control, the organisation of the Army must be just what he desires that it shall be. For some part of the actual chaos which exists we fear that, looking at the matter historically, it must be admitted that Liberals of a past generation are answerable. One of the chief defects of the War Office system is that there is a false and mischievous attempt at amalgamation where no real unity exists; that the several departments are not sufficiently articulated; that it is impossible to trace the history of any complex transaction, so as to fix on each part its share of responsibility in the result. In India, as Sir George Chesney shows, the efficiency of each part of the military machine is stimulated, and its responsibility ascertained by the practice of requiring it to record, in orderly and reasoned correspondence, its views and its doings, the whole being printed for review by the Home Government, and finally finding its way into the Government *Gazette*, where it becomes subject to the ordeal of a vital professional criticism, and if the thing has been well done, receives the inestimable reward of professional praise. Well, if the reverse of all this is here the rule, we fear that it is in great part due to the outcry against "Red-tape and routine" which was raised by the "Administrative Reform Association" at the time when, under the strain of the Crimean expedition, our military system first broke down. Mr. Charles Dickens, Mr. Beale, Mr. Benjamin Webster, and the other strangely-chosen people who then made up the band of self-elected reformers, did not reflect that routine often embodies the wisdom of ages, and that red-tape serves to obviate the confusion and loss of important documents. The War Office, however, was in no way disinclined to meet the wishes of its critics. It constituted its several hints into one unwieldy, semi-animate, amorphous mass, and left off the practice of letter-writing between its several branches, taking to "minute-writing" instead—the advantage of the latter practice being that, according to a law of the Medes and Persians, a "minute" must never be published for the information of outsiders, the writer of it having no responsibility for its contents save to his ultimate official superior, in this case the Secretary of State—so that to this day, reformers, like "Vetus" and Sir George Chesney, are bewailing the all-embracing but unreal responsibility of the Secretary of State for everything that is done, both great and small. Another occasion on which we fear that Radical influence made for confusion was when the Duke of Cambridge was made to pass beneath the Caudine Forks by taking up his quarters in the War Office building. The Radicals, with just instinct, perceived that the anomalous position of the Commander-in-Chief, at once servant, colleague, and master, was fatal to Army reform. Where they erred was in assuming that the Secretary of State could subdue him by some hypnotic influence exercised through the partition wall which now alone divides them in Pall Mall. So far from the Duke and his great assistants succumbing to the Parliamentary element, they have ever since, with almost unvaried

success, encroached on the sphere of the business men and the civilians. But these two false steps sink into insignificance, when compared with what the present Cabinet did when it permitted the Horse-Guards element to absorb the Commissariat and Transport Departments, theretofore under the civilian control of Sir Arthur Haliburton and Mr. George Lawson, C.B., and thus take upon itself duties for which soldiers are presumably all the less qualified by reason of the devotion of their lives to the Military Art.

The watchword of the Reformers is "Let the business of the Army be done by business men in a business-like way, and let the soldiers mind their fighting." We must undo much that has been done since the earliest days of the existence of the present War Office, and, where restoration will not suffice, take German, French, or Indian models as the basis of our work. With all this we have much sympathy; but for other sorts of military critics, such as Mr. Reginald Brett and Mr. Arnold-Forster, we have not so much of praise. As to Mr. Brett when he cries aloud and cuts himself with stones, because of the "Unreadiness of England," he imagines a vain thing. The devising of schemes for the defence of the United Kingdom and the Colonies and for naval operations against every conceivable combination of Powers, is a subject which for five years past has occupied the ingenuity of a number of Committees comprising the best brain-power in the Army and Navy. What has been thought out and what is intended cannot, of course, be published; but we wonder that a man of the world like Mr. Brett should have remained in ignorance of what is going on behind the scenes.

With regard to the complaints of Mr. Arnold-Forster, which relate to the youth, narrow-chestedness, and paucity of recruits, we must confess that we are unable to join with him in blaming the military authorities. The Army as a calling for youths is unpopular with the sounder part of the community on historical and ethical grounds. The persistency with which the military element in society and politics clung to the barbarous punishment of the lash did much to imbue a free and self-respecting people with a prejudice that the Army was a calling fit for none but the basest of the population. Then, again, it is but natural that a moral and God-fearing people, like ours, should view with distaste a career for their boys which consigns them for half their service to a life of idleness and drink in the cantonments of the heathen East, where they are forbidden to marry—if, indeed, marriage were not practically impossible—and where they are exposed to immoral temptations, which, besides the harm they may do to them from a spiritual point of view, are more and more likely every year to wreck them physically for life. The recruiting sergeant is thus driven to seek his men among the off scourings of the population—the "ne'er-do-wells," the loafers, the boys who cannot keep their situations for idleness or inefficiency, or want of self-control, the classes who, owing to semi-starvation, low wages, bad air, over-crowding, and exorbitant ground-rents, seldom possess the unblemished soundness of physical constitution which the Army still, perhaps needlessly, requires in its short-service soldiers. Mr. Arnold-Forster's problem is one which seems hopeless of solution, until either our friends, the Fabians, can secure free breakfasts for these poor little starvelings, or until the moral prejudices of respectable parents are met by the division of our land forces into a short-service home-staying Army for defence and a long-service Army for India and the Colonies—the latter a small, well-paid force of seasoned men, serving under conditions compatible with a moral life.

THE ROYAL BETROTHAL.

THE announcement of the betrothal of Prince Albert Victor, the eldest son of the Prince of Wales, to his distant cousin, the Princess Mary of Teck, has been received by the public with genuine satisfaction. In the course of nature Prince Albert Victor may be expected one day to be the ruler of the British Empire, and it is a matter of no small importance that his choice of a partner, who will share not only his life but his throne, should be a wise one. There is every reason to believe that in this respect he has abundantly satisfied the desires of the nation by the choice which he has made. The Princess May is emphatically an English girl, whose life has been spent amongst us, and whose education has made her even more thoroughly English than she can claim to be by birth. Blest with those good looks which are never so highly valued as when they are possessed by one who stands on the steps of a throne, she has also, according to common report, an abundant share of the intellectual brightness and sympathetic temperament by which her mother is distinguished. Nor are her qualifications for the high position which she will hereafter be called upon to hold lessened by the fact that she has hitherto occupied a somewhat obscure place in the hierarchy of royalty, and has been entirely exempt from the temptations which great wealth brings in its train. When in the fulness of time she takes the first place among the women of the realm, she will at least know something, from her early experience, of the manner of life and thought of the average English girl, and will be able to enter more fully than any stranger could have done into the natural feelings and instincts of the majority of the people over whom her husband will reign. The position of a monarch or an heir-apparent is in many respects one of peculiar hardship, and it is well that Prince Albert Victor, before he has attained to either position, should have secured for himself a helpmeet who seems in every way well fitted to be, not merely his companion, the sharer of the "lonely splendour" of his life, but his intimate confidante and counsellor. For these reasons, as well as from the feeling of heartfelt loyalty and affection with which the overwhelming majority of the English people regard their Sovereign and her family, the announcement made last Monday has been received with widespread rejoicing.

One aspect of the Royal betrothal has met with but little notice in the Press, and yet it is not without its significance. The marriage of Prince Albert Victor will tend to place the Duchess of Fife and her child at a still greater distance from the succession to the throne. To most of us this in itself is a matter of small consequence. Probably, if Great Britain were to be polled, indeed, it would be found that no inconsiderable majority of its inhabitants would view without discomposure or dissatisfaction the possible accession to the throne of the daughter of a Scotch nobleman. But it is notorious that a different sentiment prevails in the higher ranks of the aristocracy, and that not a few eminent members of "Society" have been filled with dismay at the prospect, remote as it is, of a possible moment when they might be called upon to do homage to the child of one of their own order. Common people can hardly enter into the frame of mind of these exalted individuals. To them a Queen would not be the less a Queen though she were the daughter of a Scotch Duke rather than of a German Prince, but it is otherwise with those who consider themselves the equals in rank and social standing of the Duke, and it is amusing to observe the satisfaction

which these persons feel at the announcement of the betrothal of Prince Albert Victor. Happily the satisfaction of most of us at this event is founded upon simpler and more intelligible grounds. Nor is it lessened by the fact that the Prince's betrothal has taken place at the time when his brother seems to be well on the way to a complete recovery from the distressing and dangerous illness from which he has lately suffered.

THE NEW CENTRAL EUROPEAN TARIFFS.

THE commercial conventions just concluded by Germany with Austria-Hungary, Italy, Belgium, and Switzerland have political, quite as much as economic, objects in view. Directly, they are the result of the action of France. France has long smarted under that clause of the Treaty of Frankfort which ensures to Germany the treatment of the most favoured nation. She has regarded it as a badge of political inferiority, and a reminder of her defeat twenty years ago. She has, therefore, seized the first opportunity to put an end to her commercial treaties with other countries, and so to deprive Germany as far as possible of the advantages secured by the Treaty of Frankfort. The German Government in the *Exposé des motifs* attached to the convention frankly admits that this is so. It would prefer to retain control over its own tariffs, depending upon the most-favoured-nation clause for obtaining concessions from other countries. But France having denounced the treaties, it is impossible any longer to pursue that course; therefore Germany has availed herself of the advantage thrown away by France and has proceeded to conclude arrangements with the four Powers mentioned; and it is expected that Roumania and Servia, and possibly Spain, will likewise be drawn into the new group. The expectation clearly is that the arrangements now concluded will have political as well as economic consequences; in other words, that they will consolidate the Triple Alliance, and attract to it the other States which derive benefit from these conventions. But we doubt very much whether this political expectation will be realised. Alliances are determined mainly by political events. We do not dispute, of course, that the amount of trade done with one another by two or more States has an influence upon their relations with one another; but it is clear that if trade advantages exercised a great influence, France and Italy would not now be estranged from one another. France until the other day was the great market for Italian goods, and she was the banker likewise of the Italian Government and of Italian industrial enterprise. Yet the commercial treaty between the two countries has been broken off, and Italy now is a member of the Triple Alliance. The real importance of the conventions—if they are to have any—will be economic and not political. It seems to us, however, very doubtful whether they will greatly increase the trade of the contracting countries. They will, in all probability, divert trade, but we venture to think that they will not stimulate it. They do not establish a Zollverein; they hardly make an approach to one. The frontiers of each of the contracting States will bristle with Custom Houses as before, and these by interposing vexatious formalities will continue to check trade. Besides, each of the States will in the future, as in the recent past, levy heavy duties upon goods imported from the others. True, the contracting States make concessions to one another; but, on the other hand, the instances in which duties are raised are more numerous than those in which they are lowered; and the raising of duties is intended to give an advantage

to the members of the new League and to interpose obstacles to commercial business with other countries. Therefore, if there is an increase in the trade of the several contracting States with one another, there is almost sure to be, so far at least as tariff arrangements have an influence in that way, a falling-off in the trade with the rest of the world. If knowledge increases, if mechanical inventions continue, and if an exhausting war does not seriously destroy wealth, it is a matter of course that the contracting States, like the rest of the world, will continue to advance materially, as they have done all through the present century. Therefore, twelve years hence, when the conventions can be put an end to, it will be possible for statisticians to adduce evidence showing that the several States have benefited from the conventions. But we need hardly add that, assuming the progress of the world to continue, they would benefit whether those conventions were entered into or not. The truth is that the contracting States are misled by their antagonism to France and Russia and by their attachment to Protection. Look at the *Exposé des motifs* set out by the German Government. In brief, it states that Germany does not produce enough of food to feed its own people, and does not grow the raw materials of its manufactures; therefore Germany requires large imports from the rest of the world, both of food and of raw materials. But the *Exposé* goes on to add that the policy of France, Russia, and the United States is closing the markets of the rest of the world against German manufactures, and therefore the German Government finds it necessary to open new markets, so as to be able to pay for its imports by increasing its exports. Here we have it frankly admitted that the great *desideratum* of the State is to obtain the imports it requires. Clearly the true course would be to throw open its markets to the productions of all the rest of the world. But instead of following this common-sense course, the German Government tries to find new outlets for German manufactures, and so indirectly to obtain the means of paying for the requisite imports. We say indirectly, because Germany, to take a single example, cannot draw from Austria-Hungary, Italy, Belgium, and Switzerland the food and raw materials it needs, and therefore it will be driven to the round-about course of selling to those four States for the purpose of paying the debts due from it to the exporters of food and raw materials—that is to say, North and South America, India and our colonies. But a roundabout course of the kind is a costly course, and thus Germany is doubly handicapping her industry: firstly, by maintaining high duties on imports, and, secondly, by seeking the most indirect instead of the direct means of paying for them.

But though the conventions are not likely to increase very materially the trade of the contracting countries, they are almost sure to divert trade from its present channels. Assuming that there is a market in Germany for the exports of Austria-Hungary, Italy, Belgium, and Switzerland, France will cease to be the great market for the goods of the three latter countries, and Germany will become so. That, no doubt, is partly the fault of France; but something of the same kind will happen in our own case. The five contracting countries are endeavouring to ensure each to the other four their several markets, and with that object in view they have so modified their tariffs as to give an advantage to one another, and to interpose obstacles in the way of all the rest of the world. It may be, of course, that they will not succeed so far as we ourselves are concerned; that British enterprise and British skill will overcome the artificial obstacles raised against them, and that we shall continue to do as

large a business as before. But if they do succeed, the trade of the United Kingdom with the five countries will either fall away or, at the best, will not increase, and thus British manufacturers will be compelled to turn away attention from those five countries and to try to open up new markets for their goods. The immediate effect will be injurious to all parties. Our own manufacturers, for example, will have to change that portion of their production now intended for the five contracting States, and in so doing they will inevitably suffer some waste of capital. Similarly the five contracting States themselves will have to modify their production so as to suit the new markets they intend to cultivate, and in so doing there must be a waste of capital. But after a while industry will adapt itself to the new conditions, and things will go on pretty much as before. It is quite possible even that production may increase more than it would had the old conditions been maintained, for it may be that manufacturers, finding themselves face to face with an unexpected difficulty, may call in the resources of science, and may succeed either in overcoming the obstacles interposed or else in creating new industries and opening up new outlets, which in the end will augment the well-being of the world. Even if this happens, however, there will first be a diversion of trade from its old channels, attended by waste, loss, and anxiety, while, as we have been pointing out above, the contracting States themselves will not derive the benefit from the conventions which they now expect from them.

CHRONICLE OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

THE chief event in international politics this week—the institution of what has prematurely been called a Customs League of Central Europe—is fully dealt with elsewhere. General Von Caprivi, in his remarkable speech of Thursday, dwelt on the political side of the treaties, and their aspect as concessions to the claims of labour.

A few days ago it seemed as if the chief subject of this week would be ecclesiastical rather than commercial engagements—in other words, the Law of Papal guarantees in Italy and the Concordat in France. But the Italian debates have come to nothing, except a vote of confidence in the Government; while the French question has been split up by Wednesday's discussion in the Senate, Friday's in the Chamber, the proposals for the suppression of the eight archbishoprics and twenty-nine bishoprics created since the Concordat; by the impending motion to suppress the Budget of Public Worship and the various other plans the Radical party have in store.

The first of these debates, M. Didé's interpellation in the Senate on Wednesday, has passed over quietly enough. The Government, through M. de Fallières, pronounced decidedly against the separation of Church and State advocated by the Radicals; but strongly recommended the clergy to submit to the State, and warned them that fresh legislation might be necessary to enforce their obedience. A vote of confidence, inviting the Government to act in the sense of this declaration, was carried by 211 to 57.

M. Lafargue's election for Lille was validated on Monday by 357 to 27, about 200 members abstaining. He gave assurances—of a purely general nature—that he had complied under the Empire with the law relating to military service. His first speech on Tuesday in favour of a general amnesty for political and labour agitators was read (with a strong Spanish accent); and even the ill-judged interruptions from all parts of the House did not make it a success. His motion was rejected by 392 to 113, the minority con-

sisting of Radicals, Socialists, ex-Boulangists, and five members of the Right.

In the debate on the Naval Estimates on Tuesday the Minister of Marine promised increased activity in completing the eighty-one ships built or to be built between 1885 and 1895, and announced that next year France would possess 200 torpedo boats and the only type of submarine torpedo boat.

The rest of the French news this week (save two unimportant bye-elections) is non-political. M. Carnot's little tour in the Côte d'Or last Saturday—"not as the President, nor as an engineer, but as a friend"—was very successful. An effort to ensure that the weekly day of rest under the new Labour Law shall be Sunday, made by a Society under the presidency of M. Léon Say; a terrible colliery explosion at St. Etienne; and a mysterious murder, for the sake of robbery, of an elderly lady in her flat in Paris; are the leading items.

M. Emile de Laveleye has pronounced emphatically against the proposed extension of the franchise in Belgium. The state of Europe and the relations of capital and labour, make the time, in his opinion, inopportune; and any revision must be to the advantage of the Clericals. Residential suffrage, he says, will always be so manipulated as to favour the party that introduces it; and for universal suffrage the Belgian people is wholly unfit. For himself—an extreme Socialist of the professorial type, yet in politics behind the Moderate Liberals—there is, he thinks, no place in political life.

The Belgian Chamber has just passed a law forbidding, under penalty of fine and imprisonment, the exhibition of hypnotised persons, the hypnotising, except by medical men, of any person under twenty-one or of unsound mind, or the obtaining signatures to documents from hypnotised persons.

The Norwegian General Election has lasted for six months, and is now over. The net result is that 65 Ministerialists (Radicals) are elected, 35 members of the Right, and 14 "Moderates" led by Herr Sverdrup; but on the main question at issue—the institution of separate Foreign Ministers for Norway and Sweden—the Government, which proposes the change, can count on 71 supporters.

The King of Denmark, it seems, went to Berlin to invite the Emperor to his "golden wedding" next May—at which, of course, the Czar will be present. Whether the invitation was accepted is as yet unknown.

In the *Preussische Jahrbücher* for December Professor Delbrück, an Independent Conservative, speaks very plainly as to the dissatisfaction already caused by the Emperor's vagaries—his treatment of the education question, his speech in praise of duelling, and other matters—and says that the famous entry in the visitors' book at Munich came "like a declaration of war" on a nation already prepared for resistance. The Press, the official classes, the clergy, the professors, unite in condemning it; and the danger for the future cannot be estimated too seriously. Prince Bismarck's organ, meanwhile, has expressed his disgust with the policy of his successor. The Government, it says, means to depend on Poles, Alsatiens, and the Catholic Centre, and to make concessions to each and to the Liberals. The anti-Imperial parties are quiet, it is added, only because the Government is doing their work. Much curiosity is felt as to whether Prince Bismarck will appear next week in the Reichstag to attack the new treaties of commerce.

The Reichstag is occupied at present with two questions affecting its members—their payment, which is likely in any case to be rejected in the Bundesrath—and the restriction of their immunity from arrest in the recess to thirty days from the adjournment.

The Italian Chamber was occupied for the three last days of last week, and again on Monday, in discussing the foreign and ecclesiastical policy of the Government. Much stress was laid, by Signor Cavallotti especially, on Count Kalnoky's incautious

words as to the unsatisfactory position of the Pope; the differences between Austria and Italy were emphasised as befits opponents of the Triple Alliance; there were one or two noisy scenes, and Signor Crispi reappeared, and made a bid for the support of a reorganised Left by declaring against the Law of Guarantees, "which would suffice were there an Apostle at the Vatican, and not a pretender." But on Monday a vote of confidence moved by Signor Curioni was carried by 248 to 92. The position of the Government is stronger than before.

Livraghi is acquitted, and has demanded a safe conduct to Switzerland. The result was expected; but it remains to be seen whether the Government will prosecute the Generals who deliberately pursued—it is true, amid great danger—a policy of secret assassination. It is curious that the conduct imputed to the Generals when the facts came out last March was declared *a priori* impossible. Even our correspondent, Signor Bonghi, fell into this error. Now, three distinguished Generals admit it, and part of the Press excuses them. It is still more curious that the correspondence of the London daily Press (but for one comprehensive contradiction in the *Times*) has been silent on the subject from the first, and Reuter has vouchsafed it only brief and very obscure notice. Yet it has convulsed the political world in Italy both in March and now.

The Cabinet crisis in progress in Roumania is said to be due to the subdivision of the Chamber into little groups separated only by personal feeling. A dissolution is improbable, and M. Lascăr Catargi is charged with the formation of a Ministry.

The Swiss Referendum has again proved a "legislative phylloxera." The proposed purchase of the Swiss Central Railway (Bâle to Olten, Lucerne, Berne, Aarau, &c.) was rejected on Sunday by 277,032 to 128,795. The vote was very heavy, and the adverse majority in some of the cantons extraordinary. In Vaud it was nearly 25 to 1; in the Valais more than 17 to 1; in Unterwalden nearly 20 to 1; while only Berne, Bâle, and Soleure gave the plan decided support. The arrangement involved the assumption that shares quoted on the Bourse at 70 were worth 89; the extreme Eastern and Western cantons seem to have feared that the St. Gotthard would be favoured as against the proposed Simplon and Splügen Railways; and the agitation had grown considerably in vigour since the decision of the Legislature. Herr Welti—President of the Swiss Confederation and Minister of Railways—who had recently spoken in favour of it at Bâle, has retired from public life in disgust at the result.

The election of Mr. Crisp—who last year led the Opposition to Speaker Reed—as his successor in office is noteworthy chiefly as bearing on Mr. Cleveland's chances of the Democratic nomination to the Presidency. Mr. Mills was President Cleveland's candidate, and was rejected; Mr. Crisp the politicians' candidate. However, President Cleveland's popularity in the country will probably be too much for the politicians. In part, too, the reasons for the election are personal—Mr. Crisp being placid, Mr. Mills excitable. With the Presidential message we deal elsewhere.

Friction has again arisen between the United States Minister and the Chilian authorities, relative to the refugees now at the American embassy.

Rio Grande do Sul is quieting down, but an insurrection seems imminent in Rio Janeiro. Marshal da Fonseca behaved after the manner of Dictators, and his execution of certain French subjects will lead to trouble with the French Government.

The insurrection in China is reported to be quieting down, but there is every probability that pressure—diplomatic and other—will be put on the Chinese Government by European nations for the protection of their subjects.

The tobacco monopoly in Persia has almost provoked a revolution, in which, of course, Professor Vambery is quick to see the hand of Russia.

THE RUSSIAN CENSOR IN POLAND.

WHEN the curtain had fallen after the last act of the play, a Polish one, produced for the first time in Warsaw, my friend asked me what I thought of it. Now the play was of a national character, as those of Wildenbruch are to Germany, or Boucicault's *Shaughraun* to an Irishman. I told him that I was struck by the great enthusiasm shown in applauding a peasants' dance, and the comparative indifference towards what one might consider the more legitimate features of the play. Had I been a spectator of it in any other place, it would have been most puzzling to see a large, intelligent audience going almost frantic in their eagerness to applaud a very simple and indifferently executed national dance. My friend accepted this reflection of mine with a sad, confirmatory nod, and said, "We are lucky to have as much as this passed by the censor."

In a few moments after this, I was so fortunate as to make the author's acquaintance.

I asked him if the censor had interfered with him in the production of this play?

He answered me: "They have cut out just about half of what I wrote, and forced me to substitute what they consider less offensive patriotism." To my expression of astonishment that the applause of the dance should have been so conspicuous, he said: "Yes. I am almost at a loss to understand why they allowed even that simple national dance; for you see that anything that suggests nationality to this people throws them into a transport of patriotism. The very sight of the national dress, moving about joyously on the stage, suggests to every Pole a longing for independence, and hatred of Russia." Perhaps I should say, in parenthesis, that my informant was one of the most popular writers of his country.

To my further inquiries as to his relations with the censor, he said: "The matter is extremely simple—limited, in fact, to thirty words, the use of which must be avoided. For example, 'nation' must not be used; it suggests Poland. 'King' is objectionable, as well as 'kingdom,' for both are in contrast to the Czar and his empire. I must never use the word 'Emperor'; it might imply that there was an Austrian or a German Emperor; whereas in Russia there is but the Czar. 'Independence' is of course insulting to the Government, so are 'freedom,' 'liberty,' 'constitution,' 'Parliament,' which are obviously in the nature of *lèse-majesté*. We must not only avoid the use of these bare words in any sense, but we must most carefully avoid any suggestion that might imply the existence of such a thing as Poland. Polish history does not exist in Russia; for how can there be a history for a tract of land figuring only as a province of the Czar? The name of my country cannot be used, for officially we are not Poles, but are only known to our masters as inhabitants of the military department of the Vistula."

Returning home that evening, I was too much depressed by the words that I had heard to be able to think of anything else, and fearing lest those with whom I had talked might have been guilty of exaggeration, I compared notes with a gentleman of considerable importance in the country, not only as director in a great transportation company, but also as a landed proprietor and lawyer. He fully confirmed what I have quoted, and entertained me by repeating instances of censorial interferences which occurred to him at the moment, and which I made note of immediately afterwards. To use his language, "Nothing can exceed the stupidity of the average censor, except the brutality with which he does his work. A newspaper received a telegram referring to the Czar, in which his title was abbreviated in the usual manner, as, for instance, 'H.R.H.' for 'His Royal Highness.' Through a mistake of the compositor or proof-reader, the Czar's name appeared in print with only the abbreviated title, for which offence the editor-in-chief was curtly summoned to

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appear before a police official, to whom he, of course, explained the mistake, and apologised most completely. The surly blackguard dismissed the editor with these words, 'If another time you fail to find the space, I will find it for you—in Siberia.' My friend seemed to think that the insult lay, not so much in what was said, as in the behaviour of the official, who acted as towards a contemptible slave, while in fact he was addressing a person vastly superior to him in birth, breeding, and attainments.

Another editor sought to publish an article by an art critic, in which it was necessary to describe the decoration of a room as "*style de l'Empire*." This word "Empire," even in this connection, was considered treasonable; but the censor, being in a particularly amiable mood, refrained from interdicting the whole article. He crossed out the word "*Empire*" and substituted "*Russe*" in its place, explaining afterwards, on meeting the editor casually, that, as there was but one Empire, and its name was Russia, why use an expression which might be misunderstood by the vulgar? With such a man no argument was possible; and there was no alternative but to submit. "Another instance," continued my friend. "Last winter, some snow fell off a roof and killed a maid-servant who was passing below. An illustrated paper had a sketch of the scene made, as the event appeared to excite interest. This sketch was deemed offensive by the censors; not because it was badly drawn, but because it so happened that the police are responsible for the condition of the roofs, and, therefore, that the report of such a case was indirectly a criticism on the efficiency of the Czar's Government. Recently, at the very theatre you attended this evening, a Polish singer rendered a song in French that gave so much pleasure as to produce an encore. He then sang a little Polish ballad, one, by the way, which had been passed by the censor; but, because he had not obtained special permission to sing this particular ballad as an encore on this particular occasion, he was fined fifteen hundred roubles (about £150 sterling). Here is another painful illustration of how the so-called Government of Russia hampers private enterprise. One of the largest and most respectable business houses in Warsaw undertook, last year, to open a branch of their work elsewhere in Poland. The police forbade it, giving no reason except that in 1863 they had been entered on the Government lists as suspected of liberal ideas.

"The Government here—perhaps I should say, the police of General Gourko—take great pains that no favourable mention is ever made of anything done or said by one who is not Orthodox Russian. The reason for this is, perhaps, not obvious; but we know that Russians do not like to have it appear as though the Polish nation was able to produce men of intelligent capacity. One of our most brilliant writers recently made a scientific voyage to a distant country, and on his return was interviewed as to his experiences. Not a line of it was allowed to appear, the reason given being that it was calculated to advertise him. Subsequently the same author wrote a book of travels, of which every line which related personal experience was erased by the censor, and only that portion permitted to remain which dealt in geographical platitudes. One paper here recently sought to publish an extract from an English review. It was from an article discussing the German Emperor. Not only was this completely suppressed by the censor, but the editor-in-chief was ordered to appear before him, there to be told with cynical frankness that loyal Russians did not wish to hear praise of a German Emperor; if he wished to praise the Emperor, he had better get his information from St. Petersburg."

I will not take up any more space in retailing instances that sicken one by the evidence they furnish of administrative misrule, which would long ago have crushed the spirit of less outrageous temperaments than those in Poland. My note-book is full of circumstantial detail which I am forced to

suppress, because anything published that might identify the person referred to would probably cause a sentence to Siberia. A Pole complains not so much of the harshness of laws, as of the absence of law; not so much against a censorship, as against the brutal caprice of the censor. Is it strange that they should turn their eyes towards Berlin, and pray, not for freedom, but for any despotism that lifts them above barbarism?

POULTNEY BIGELOW.

LORD SALISBURY AS A STATESMAN.*

M. TRAILL'S is, on the whole, a well-drawn, though by no means a full-length portrait of Lord Salisbury as a statesman. There is no attempt to deal with him as a man, and in that respect it differs from Mr. George Russell's sketch of Mr. Gladstone in the same series of "Prime Ministers of Queen Victoria." It is a debatable question, but we believe that Lord Salisbury needs, even more than Mr. Gladstone, some side lights from his private life to explain and perhaps soften some features in his public character. Both he and Mr. Gladstone, so different from each other in many ways, have one faculty in common, namely, that of giving large sections of the public a totally false impression of their characters. Multitudes of his political opponents have honestly convinced themselves that Mr. Gladstone's prime motive in political life has always been ambition, love of power, greed of office. They do not stop to ask themselves whether a man so astute as they believe Mr. Gladstone to be would have been likely to play his cards so badly as he has done if he were the mere self-seeker they represent him to be. He was "the rising hope" of the Tory party, and Peel's certain successor in the leadership when he sacrificed his brilliant prospects to his convictions, and followed Peel into what must then have seemed a wilderness in political life. Peel had made a formal renunciation of office in his last official speech, and Disraeli's envenomed attacks, sanctioned as they were by the enraptured applause of the bulk of the Tory party, made reconciliation with the Peelites well-nigh impossible. The Liberal party, on the other hand, had no lack of leaders, two of whom led it in turns for twenty years after the Peelite secession. Mr. Gladstone made a similar venture on the question of Home Rule. Had he chosen to adopt Lord Palmerston's temporising tactics in the beginning of 1886 there can hardly be a doubt that he might have secured the Premiership for years to come—certainly during the natural life of that Parliament. But he knew that by precipitating the question he was advancing the cause which he had at heart, whatever the result to himself might be, and therefore he deliberately staked his political future on the issue. How is it that, with a record so entirely inconsistent with the ethics of sordid ambition, he has managed to impress so many honest minds with the conviction that hunger for office is the mainspring of his political action? One reason undoubtedly is that he does not generally make sufficient allowance for the time it takes to educate the public mind to the point of receiving new and perhaps startling departures in policy. When he sees the end and the process, he is apt to start at a gallop, forgetting that average minds cannot keep pace with him. This eagerness to realise his ideals is easily mistaken by careless observers for greed of office. Lord Salisbury misrepresents himself in another way. To those who know him only in his public character he gives the impression of being a man of sardonic and unsympathetic temperament. But those who know him in the intimacy of private life declare that he is genial and amiable, and Mr. Gladstone has stated that in the conferences on the redistribution of seats he found Lord Salisbury an exceedingly pleasant man to work with. The

* The Marquis of Salisbury. By H. D. Traill, D.C.L. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1891.

fact is, Lord Salisbury is one of those men who cannot resist the temptation of saying "a good thing," even when it is likely to damage himself or his cause. He is sometimes witty or sarcastic in haste, and repents at leisure. Reflection comes after the mischief has been done by the hasty phrase born of the moment, and probably forgotten before the end of the speech. The "black man" indiscretion is an instance; so is the oblique comparison of the Irish to Hottentots; and his recent gibe, that villagers would probably prefer a circus to a parish council, will be worth a good many votes to his political opponents at the general election. It is probable that no more malice was intended by these sarcasms than the obviously good-humoured sally in which he compared Mr. Gladstone on one occasion to an angry husband coming home and "smashing the crockery" because his dinner was not ready. Still more amusing is his "chaff" of Lord Hartington and his "party," with Mr. Chamberlain flourishing his tomahawk in their faces. The perplexity of Lord Hartington excites the ironical sympathy of Lord Salisbury. "There is something quite pathetic in his appeal to his adversaries to know what he ought to do. He discusses all the possible alternatives that could present themselves to him, and he dismisses them in despair. He begins by saying that he is afraid that he and his friends could not well form a party by themselves. Well, I suppose his friends are Lord Derby and Mr. Goschen. I am sure that that would be one of the most remarkable parties which English history has yet presented. There was at the beginning of this century a Ministry known as 'the Ministry of all the talents,' and this would be 'a Ministry of all the irresolutions.' Can you fancy their inner councils—the Egyptian skeleton and Rip Van Winkle, trying to make up each other's minds, and Lord Derby steadily pouring cold water upon both?" That is excellent fun, and more effective than any argument. Who could then have guessed that the "Ministry of all the irresolutions," reinforced by their bitterest assailant, would for six years have been the mainstay of the Tory leader who satirised them with such merciless and contemptuous banter? In spite of his fear "that he and his friends could not well form a party by themselves," Lord Hartington has made the attempt, with the result that on the eve of the general election he and Mr. Chamberlain have proclaimed their failure, and, at the same time, their capture and bondage by the leader of the host against which they were wont to go forth to battle. True, they declare that they are the victors, and Lord Salisbury and his party the captives—a boast as veracious as that of the Russian soldier in one of the battles against the Crim Tartars. "Master," shouted the soldier to his captain through the darkness, "I have caught a Tartar." "Then bring him," said the captain. "He won't come," replied the soldier. "Then come without him," rejoined the officer. "He won't let me," was the humiliating answer. And that soldier was heard of no more in the Russian army. "Liberal-Unionism" has caught its Tartar, and will be heard of no more after the next general election.

Lord Salisbury has never been a Tory of the traditional type. He never trusted Lord Beaconsfield, and he took a line of his own all through his career in the House of Commons. Lord Beaconsfield was always a political gambler. The first question with him always was how to defeat the Government when he was in Opposition, and how to baffle the Opposition when he was in office. The interest of the country was with him a matter of subordinate consideration. In a critical moment of the Crimean War he nearly snatched a victory which would not only have destroyed the Government, but, in addition, have gone perilously near a breach of the alliance with France. On that occasion he was opposed by Lord Salisbury, then Lord Robert Cecil, and the late Lord Derby expressed his reprobation of such playing with edged tools. A little later Mr. Disraeli

committed his party to Mr. Roebuck's motion of quasi-impeachment of the members of Lord Aberdeen's administration. Lord Robert Cecil, young as he was, led a revolt against his leader, which defeated his purpose. Lord Salisbury's secession on the reform question, and his polemic by speech and pen against the author of "the Conservative Surrender," are matters of history. But perhaps it is not so well known—and it ought to be recorded to his credit—that but for him Lord Beaconsfield would have engaged this country in 1877 in war on behalf of Turkey against Russia. Lord Beaconsfield was defeated in his own Cabinet on that subject by Lord Salisbury, as he was afterwards in the House of Lords on an important clause of the Public Worship Regulation Bill. It is also interesting to remember that Lord Salisbury's first speech on foreign politics in the House of Commons was in support of a motion by Mr. Gladstone in favour of the union of the two Danubian Principalities. Mr. Disraeli, the Leader of the House, opposed the motion in a pro-Turkish speech, and was supported by Lord Palmerston, while Lord John Russell took the side of Mr. Gladstone. The motion was defeated in the House of Commons; but it effected its purpose, for the Roumanians, encouraged by the moral support accorded to them in England, took the matter into their own hands and united their Principalities.

Mr. Traill has done good service in pillorying in this book the shameless manœuvres by means of which Mr. Disraeli succeeded in carrying household suffrage in 1867. We have lately seen a Primrose League leaflet containing a series of questions and answers for the information of British electors. "Who passed free trade? A Tory Government. Who passed household suffrage? A Tory Government?" These are specimens of the political ethics of the Primrose League. To credit the Tory party with the triumph of free trade is an exhibition of audacity which even Primrose dames can hardly swallow; but there is a superficial plausibility in the claim of credit for household suffrage, and Mr. Traill deserves thanks for his scathing exposure of the facts. The interest of the country, as we have already observed, was always subordinate in Mr. Disraeli's mind to the achievement of a party triumph; but so far as he had any convictions at all on the subject of the Parliamentary franchise they were in favour of aristocratic ascendancy—the ascendancy, that is, of rank, and landlordism, and wealth, and educated talent. This he expressed by the phrase "lateral" as opposed to "vertical" extension of the franchise, and he denounced Mr. Gladstone's very moderate scheme in 1866 as a Bill which would let "an indiscriminate multitude" within the pale of the Constitution instead of select specimens from every class. Having succeeded, with the help of the Adullamites, in ousting the Liberals from office because their Bill went too far in the direction of household suffrage, Mr. Disraeli met Parliament the following session with the promise of a Reform Bill, and with the statement of his opinion that it was "expedient that Parliamentary reform should no longer be a question which should decide the fate of Ministries." A convenient doctrine truly for a Minister in a minority who had recently, by successful intrigue, destroyed a Government on this very question. Mr. Traill gives a clear summary of the various transformation scenes exhibited by Mr. Disraeli's Government on this question, till at last Mr. Disraeli's Reform Bill was so completely changed that, in the terse language of the Duke of Buccleuch, "nothing remained of the original Bill but the first word 'Whereas.'" When Primrose Leaguers masquerade as radical reformers, and claim household suffrage as one of the boons which the Tory party has conferred on the nation, it is well to quote Mr. Disraeli's emphatic declaration in one of the debates on his own Bill in 1867: "*The Government will never introduce household suffrage pure and simple.*" They never did: they only meekly accepted, as Lord Salisbury reminded them, Mr.

Gladstone's ten amendments, which turned the Bill inside out, and made it into a Household Suffrage Bill pure and simple. Lord Salisbury predicted at the time that so portentous a betrayal of principle and political honour was tantamount to "political suicide" on the part of the Conservative party. And he was a true prophet. The last specimen of Mr. Disraeli's tactics is seen in the passing of a Free Education Act by a Ministry which had in opposition denounced free education.

We may be sure that all this is unpalatable to a man of Lord Salisbury's temperament. But we are not of those who think that the present Government will ever propose home rule for Ireland. Lord Salisbury's Newport speech in 1885 is capable of a home rule interpretation, and it may be that he had then an open mind on the question. The development of the controversy has driven him from that position, and he is now too far committed to retrace his steps. Disraeli would do it without a scruple, and Lord Randolph Churchill, and perhaps other leading men in the party—none more likely than Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Goschen. Lord Salisbury will not. But he will introduce a Local Government Bill for Ireland which will as certainly end in home rule as Mr. Disraeli's bundle of fancy franchises ended in household suffrage. It is only fair to Lord Salisbury to admit that since he became the leader of his party his foreign policy in office is as far as possible removed from the restless turbulence of Lord Palmerston and the flashy Jingoism of Lord Beaconsfield. He has followed the lead of Mr. Gladstone, which is in truth a continuation of the foreign policy of the Tory party in the days of Pitt, and Canning, and Peel.

THE RISKS OF REALISM.

MMR. JAMES PINNOCK is likely to be a sinister figure in the history of fiction. A retired West African trader, who lives at Brighton and hunts with the harriers, is not at first sight a formidable obstacle to the business of story-telling. But Mr. Pinnock has strong views about the theory of "human documents." He read a story concerning a certain James Peacock, also of West Africa, who had a flat nose, and looked like a professional pugilist or dog-fancier. This description seems to have excited Mr. Pinnock's suspicions, for it coincided with his own personal appearance. He had sold his West African business, or part of it, to a company; so had Peacock. He had supplied the natives with arms to carry on their little wars; and Peacock had traded in gunpowder with the same benevolent object. He had retired with an honest competence to Brighton, where the pleasure of seeing the West Africans shoot one another with his weapons was exchanged for the pastime of the chase. Peacock had settled down at Eastbourne, and devoted himself to a similar sport. So far the correspondence of the two cases need not have ruffled the most susceptible of upright British merchants. But there were blots in the career of James Peacock. He was at one time a clerk, and had encouraged his employer in the habit of drunkenness that he might possess himself of the business. He had engaged engineers on the faith of a pledge to pay their passage home, and, to save the money, had kept them in West Africa till they died. When Mr. Pinnock read this he was indignant. He was perfectly innocent of any such transactions, and had never even heard of them. He had met the author of James Peacock's story, one Major Ellis, who "did not seem to care for his company." Was it not plain that he, James Pinnock, leading a life of blameless independence at Brighton, was directly charged in this tale with dishonesty, and with the grossest meanness and inhumanity? Was it to be endured that his friends in West Africa, who remembered the flat nose and the pleasing suggestion of professional pugilism,

should find these heinous things laid to his charge, and suppose that he lived supinely at Brighton, and never sought redress? Why, Ja Ja and Oko Jumbo had fought each other for less, and blazed away with his excellent shot and shell. So Mr. Pinnock sued Major Ellis's publishers for libel, and Messrs. Chapman & Hall, who were quite unconscious of this righteous West African's existence, have been mulcted in damages and costs.

Now it can scarcely be denied that this episode makes confusion of "human documents." For consider the hard case of Major Ellis. He heard these two stories about the clerk who had a drunken employer and the engineers who were not sent home. Possibly they were West African fables, such as will arise, nobody knows how, and sully the reputation of a most honourable trading community. But as Major Ellis is a writer of fiction, it is his business to pick up interesting traditions, even if they are quite baseless. These particular anecdotes were told of some mythical merchant who assumed the lineaments of Mr. James Peacock and, quite accidentally, those of Mr. James Pinnock. There are plenty of men who look like pugilists or dog-fanciers. There is Major Tinkler, for instance, who was mentioned in the case, and who has apparently no intention of bringing an action. Why should a West African trader be more eager to claim a flat nose than an officer in her Majesty's uniform, who has to maintain the reputations of the British army with the ladies? Besides, even supposing that Mr. Pinnock's expressive features were actually in Major Ellis's mind, what is to become of artistic portraiture if a novelist may not take a real personage and graft upon him the attributes of somebody unknown? It would have been sheer waste of good material to let those West African legends float about the coast like disembodied spirits yearning for a mortal tenement. They could not be lodged in a personage who bore no manner of resemblance to any West African trader that ever lived. The author was obliged to take the typical merchant who does such honour to the British name, and who engages in the reputable business of selling munitions of war to the natives in the interests of that commercial monopoly which is so highly prized throughout the world. Mr. James Peacock may have had Mr. Pinnock's nose or Major Tinkler's, but he was bound to resemble very strongly an average representative of the community which makes England respected by native races in uncivilised regions. Of course, if the discreditable stories had been told to Major Ellis about Mr. Pinnock, he would not have used them; but as they related to no one in particular, how could any story-teller have expected that they would be treated as personal accusations? Mr. George Meredith thought they were purely imaginary when he read Major Ellis's manuscript for Messrs. Chapman & Hall. It never occurred to him that some injured trader with a flat nose would quit the pursuit of Sussex foxes, which appear to be the favourite prey of retired West Africans, in order to clear his character from imputations that may have been invented by Oko Jumbo in a moment of unreasonable irritation against the white man.

But if Mr. Pinnock's precedent is likely to be followed, our novelists are in a parlous state. They are at the mercy of coincidences. A name, some physical peculiarity, a chance meeting with a person who lays claim to both, may plunge the astonished story-teller into litigation because he has woven these associations into some wholly fictitious narrative. What is he to say if he receives from his publishers a note to this effect?—"Your story of the fishmonger who poisons his mother-in-law because she devours so many 'natives' in his shop when they are four shillings a dozen, is very thrilling and peculiarly suitable for the oyster season which is just commencing; but are you quite sure (1) that you have never met a fishmonger named Haddock; (2) that you have never heard any disreputable anecdotes of such a person; (3) that if there is a real

fishmonger of that or a similar name, he is not minus his upper front teeth, and does not look like a burglar just released from gaol? Unless these questions are answered to our satisfaction, we shall be compelled to decline the publication of your story." Manifestly, it would be impossible to affirm with perfect confidence that every fishmonger in the kingdom has his front teeth intact; that no fishmonger has a name like Haddock—Hancock or Horrock, for example—or that everyone engaged in that most estimable trade is on the best possible terms with his wife's mother, and has never been known to refuse her as many Whitstable as she pines for. Yet would Mr. George Meredith, who, knowing the public taste for oysters, could not but look with professional favour on this tragic tale, take upon himself the responsibility of risking a libel action by some respectable tradesman from Billingsgate, who hunts with the harriers in Surrey? The prospect is undeniably full of alarms. Charles Reade made novel-writing a laborious business by amassing and tabulating an enormous number of facts. The novelist of the future may have to undertake an even more gigantic task. Before he ventures to attribute anything objectionable to any of his characters, he will have to engage in an exhaustive inquiry so as to assure himself that nobody in actual life is likely to don the cap of imputation, and demand damages. Some day the Incorporated Authors' Society may move the State to establish a Bureau for the collection of statistics of what the author must avoid. But an *Index Expurgatorius* of "human documents" is a sorry goal for realism.

A RAMBLER IN LONDON.

XLI.—OXFORD STREET.

A CERTAIN part of Oxford Street might possibly be defined as the mean between Tottenham Court Road and Regent Street, between a narrow escape from squalor and a near approach to elegance. But, if it is considered as a whole, it seems too great for any brief definition. It emerges from Holborn, with its book-shops, and restaurants, and certain cure for corns. It takes upon itself the glories of greater and more advertised commerce. It tolerates the most unimportant side-streets, and brushes past the professional quarter where stethoscopes and respectability are equally common. At Regent Street it grows a little uneasy; it feels that it is going west, and must make an effort. It rises; not only does it go up a hill; it also seeks a higher culture, and begins to have higher social aims. And at last it sees the northern end of Park Lane, and dies in rapture. Its variety is too immense to be held by any meagre network of words—any paltry definition. It has its theatre, and does not disdain its musical hall; and if its amusements or its commerce should tend to make it too worldly, there are correctives at hand—a chapel and a station of the Salvation Army. Its traffic knows nothing of social distinction. Two fat horses, with coats arsenically glossy and opinions about bearing-reins, have the honour of taking their mistress to the circulating library. Omnibus after omnibus is willing to take absolutely any one to the Bank for one penny. Through the maze of vehicles at the cross-streets a donkey, respondent to the stick and the expressions of the proprietor behind it, miraculously finds its way. A cyclist dodges a cab, and the cabman is rude to the cyclist. The ting of the bell, the rattle of wheels, the babble of voices, make up the orchestra to which this performance goes on, as it seems, continually—the quaint mixture of tragedy, comedy, and farce that fascinates one every day in a great London thoroughfare.

And yet with all this variety there are types which seem to be very common. Often has one seen at the corner of Tottenham Court Road the respectable elderly woman telling a story to another respectable

elderly woman while she waits for her omnibus. And the story is always too long for the time at her disposal. "So I sez nuthin'. I just lets him run on. 'E seemed what you might call surprised too at my not answering of 'im back. But, thinks I to myself, let 'im talk if 'e wants to talk, knowin' very well in my own mind as 'e'd be very sorry for it arftwuds. An' larst of all I sez: 'Might I arst yur a pline question when you've quite done all that?' And—bless your soul!—afore 'e could speak another word, in she come—the girl 'erself with the jug o' beer in 'er'and! You never saw a man so took aback in all your—" At this moment the cry of "Lunbridge! Lunbridge Rylewye!" breaks into the story. "Well, Eliza, I leave yer to imagun it," she says, as she turns to the omnibus. Then there are the two children of the street gazing at the brilliant unwholesomeness in the confectioner's window. "I should like to 'ave some of *them*," says the little girl, pointing, with the instinct of her sex, to the pinkest sweetmeats in the collection. The little boy, with an air of experience, corrects her. "They don't lawst. Now didjer ever 'ave any of *those*—them black 'uns in the corner? No? Well, I 'ave, then. I made one of them lawst me bes' part of a day—off and on." The last three words are terrible. The vendors of penny toys, double numbers, and flowers, are all permanent types. Those with the saddest story, frequently, with some inconsistency, sell the funniest papers. "Larst number of 'Screamin' Jokes'—one penny," whines one shivering woman. "Deer lyedy, do buy, and 'elp me to get a bed to-night. A thousand laughs for one penny. I've got children to feed, kind lyedy. Il'strated throughout." The women who have been shopping are interesting. It is sometimes possible to guess what their negotiations have been inside a shop from the expression on their faces as they leave it. There is a certain masterly look sometimes seen on a woman's face on such occasions. The light of battle gleams in her eyes. One knows that something was not at all what she had ordered, and that she has made them take it back. They were a little reluctant at first, but they had to give way. She triumphs, and within the shop the air is thick with apologies. There is the woman who emerges from the glass doors with rather a troubled look in her eyes. She has bought something, and thinks she has given rather too much for it. And there is that look of almost saint-like ecstasy which marks those who have perfectly satisfied themselves and anticipate envy. All may be seen any day outside the shops in Oxford Street.

Those shop-windows are too alluring. It is impossible for anyone, of either sex or any nature, to get down Oxford Street without either making a purchase or else coveting and desiring. Covetousness stands open-eyed before each jeweller's shop. Reminiscence also has its place there. It is always a delight to a woman to suddenly come upon one just like Maria's in a shop-window. She points out the coincidence to her companion. "There yer are," says a tall woman in black, with high cheek-bones and decayed bonnet; "it was a 'arf'-oop, an' as like that as two pins. I don't say 'e ever paid four sov'ring for the one as 'e give 'er. Not but what 'e could well afford it, mind yer. But there—she showed me 'er's last Sunday when I was down Fulham, and that's the very model of it."

On Sundays Oxford Street loses some of its commercial air. Its eyes are closed; its shutters are down. The traffic still goes on, but Oxford Street is now the means and not the end; it exists not as a bazaar but as a road from one place to another. The Salvation Army parade it. There is noise enough and crowd enough on Sundays. There are hours, dark hours in the early morning, when the street is far more silent; even the traffic has gone. One sees, looking down it, the long line of lights, the gleam of wet pavements, the closed shutters, the dreariness and emptiness. The street, like the face of a man, looks quite different in sleep.

AMERICAN PROFESSIONAL HUMOUR.

IN spite of the fact that most of our current humour comes from the New World, and that when a man is seen in fits of laughter the chances are ten to one that it is by some Transatlantic joke his fancy has been tickled, the Americans, as a nation, are deficient in humour. It is, in fact, the imperfection of this element in them which subjects our Yankee friends to the imputation (not only on the part of Carlyle) of being the greatest bores, individually and collectively, on the face of the earth. Mackay, a Scotchman himself, was driven, by the solemn denouement to an innocently intended jest on his part, of which an American editor was the subject, to the reflection that "Sydney Smith was in error in attributing to the Scotch the monopoly of the incapacity to understand the meaning of a joke"; that the palm in this respect belongs of right to another and a bigger nation. The American, indeed, seems to be half-afraid of humour. He leaves it to his "funny man," his professional humorist, his Bill Nyes, his Artemus Wards, his Mark Twains. To his mind, there is something almost *infra dig.* in its exercise.

"Be very careful how you tell an author he is *droll*," says one of their few masters of the better sort of humour, Holmes. "The clown knows very well that the women are not in love with him, but with Hamlet, the fellow in the black cloak and plumed hat. Passion never laughs." (Charles Lamb, whose life-history rivalled in tragic intensity the creations of any of the old dramatists he loved so dearly, could laugh very well in a black coat, as far as that goes.) "The wit knows," declares the Autocrat, "that his place is at the tail of a procession." An opinion in marked contrast to Carlyle's, as quoted by Froude in perhaps over-frank explanation of the grim humorist's unappreciative attitude towards Charles Lamb, that humour is the noblest gift with which a man can be endowed. Holmes's notion, however, with regard to humour seems to underlie the literature of America. "The fellow in the black cloak" is chary of being amusing, for fear of being accounted a clown. Mr. Lowell, whose own work is an oasis in the desert of American humour, as Holmes's may be said to be a fertile table-land, observes of Thoreau that he would deliberately cut out the humorous passages of his writings; and even Emerson omitted from his published essays, as beneath the dignity of a philosopher, those bits of humour which had lightened them in the delivery.

The humorist's place being thus assigned to him, below the salt, at the table of literature, he proceeds, as it were, on the fancy that clownishness best befit him. And to this it may be partly owing that so marked an air of vulgarity has crept into American humour; that it so rarely discloses the master-hand. There is at times something even abject in it, an almost grovelling attempt to be funny and excite laughter, suggestive of the mountebank who is dependent for his livelihood on appreciation of his feats. It is for the masses, who are beguiled by the rough pantomime of Punch and Judy, or the witticisms of a Cheap Jack. The ranker the better, the more obvious the more ludicrous. It never comes on us by stealth, surprising us into smiles. The show is always on. If in the vein, one will probably be moved to laughter. If in a sober mood, the "goaks" will affect you like the crackling of thorns under a pot. Between the humour of the New World and the Old there is a difference as between the native grace and daring of the mountaineer and the strained effort of the acrobat, on whose performances a mingling of half-contemptuous pity waits, mitigating admiration, as he comes up panting and perspiring after one of his sensational tumbles.

When "Perfessor Peek," of Oberlin, inquired of that "amoosin cuss" (and that is really all he is), Artemus Ward, in reference to some political matter, "Mister Ward . . . what are your

sentiments?" and, in his pleasant vein, he answered, "I haint got any. . . . Nary a sentiment!"—the statement bore a wider application than its utterer was aware of. That there is no sentiment in it is precisely, to use the Yankee phrase, what is the matter with American humour in general. The letter *u* which they leave out of the word seems emblematic of the something else which is lacking from it, whether of gentleness or of morality. One is perpetually haunted by the fear of some poor cat meeting with ill-usage; of a live frog being stuffed with shot, as in that disgusting story of Mark Twain, which finds honourable place in every collection of American humour; of a horse or mule receiving a kick in the ribs which sets him jumping in a peculiarly ludicrous manner. In one of their foremost magazines we come across such a shameless illustration of this spirit as a series of would-be comic pictures representing the brutal treatment of a grimalkin, and the dishonest triumph of a young glutton, its oppressor, such as would scarcely be found in the lowest English journal.

To the American humorist nothing is sacred—old age, infirmity, suffering, even death. He reminds us of the urchin Mr. T. A. Trollope tells of, who, during the funeral obsequies of some high magnate of the church, diverted himself with hiding beneath the bier and producing ghastly effects on the dead man's countenance by tugging at the pall. Skulls are designated as grinning. The grin seems often to be all that appeals to the American humorist; and the grin he gets up in answer is ghastlier than the one it mocks at. It resembles that blood-curdling leer induced by the undertaker, in one of Bret Harte's stories, on the face of a dead man, in lieu of the seraphic smile he was wont to fix on the countenances of the defunct, at so much a head, for the consolation of the survivors. Mark Twain's travelling jest, the sleepy, slow, reiterated question, in the Colosseum and elsewhere, with regard to the old-time worthies whose memorials he was viewing, "Is he dead?"—falls on us as it did on the Roman guide who, as the perpetrator of the pleasantries complacently remarks, could not "master the subtleties of the American joke." The awful memories of the place seem to turn the laugh against it, and it dies away in a faint, unmeaning cackle. Charles Lamb would laugh at a funeral, it is true, but Elia's laugh was never out of keeping with the most tragical suggestion. Our English humorist, too (for his image seems to rise before one as a relief from the kind of humour we are considering), would never have employed his wit on such a subject say, for instance, as the Siamese Twins; or, if he had, his most reckless mockeries would have been still underlaid by his own peculiar current of sympathy.

In spite of the high pressure at which the Americans live, the express rate of their journey through this "wale," they certainly take their time over their jokes. There is something slow and dragging, corresponding to their drawing manner of speech, in the more elaborated of their attempts. A comical idea is made to go a very long way. Thoughts and images that would but glance in and out of an Old World brain are greedily caught at, and by the time they have been pinned down and exhibited in every aspect, whatever humour they may originally have possessed is evaporated. A suggestion of their sprawling habits seems to linger on these witticisms, many of which could only have been concocted while the author sat with chair tip-tilted, his feet resting on any available support—whether of table, wall, or mantelpiece—a quid of tobacco in his cheek, coolly "calculatin' his distance" while he converts the surrounding neighbourhood into one vast spittoon.

In this "strange New World that yet was never young," whose childhood was never sung to sleep or beguiled with baby-talk and fairy-tales, but "nursed by stern men" to its maturity, the humour is perhaps bound to have in it something trivial; as a child too strictly "nussed" will frequently show

trace of it in after-life by a strain of puerility. In some of its developments it reminds us of that to which we are occasionally treated from the exercises of those unwitting humorists, school-boys, differing only in the respect that one is laboured, while the other is unconscious, which constitutes its charm.

When we consider the curious elements that have gone to the making of American humour—the grave Red Indian vein; the naïve, barbaric jocosity of the negro; the sharp effrontery of Paddy drifted from his native moorings into the unbounded liberty of the West; the coarse, lumpish liveliness of the German, all grafted, as it were, on to the grim, unbending sternness of the Puritan stock—we cannot wonder at the result. When one naturally solemn takes to being funny, a trace of lugubriousness is apt to linger on his jokes. Moreover, what does not come spontaneously is usually carried to an extreme, which may account for the rampant exaggeration that forms so marked a feature of Yankee wit. The charm of humour is, as the term denotes, that it is indulged in to relieve its author's mood. Brother Jonathan makes a business of his wit, keeping one eye on the dollars, while with the other he winks at the audience. We can scarcely fancy him going into convulsions of merriment in private over his own funny conceptions, as Dickens did, or even smiling to himself (except, perhaps, in his sleeve) the saturnine smile of Carlyle. Artemus Ward, who, on the whole, was more struck by the "cussedness" of things in general than by their humour, no doubt often had to remind himself, as he did his patrons, when any symptoms of flagging betrayed themselves, "This is a goak!"

A nation that can boast the names of Holmes, Bret Harte, and the yet dearer one to England of Lowell, whose genuine exhibitions of humour have added a new and peculiar feature to the intellectual enjoyments of mankind (which did not know what humour could effect till it ran "helter-skelter into Yankee"), can afford to hear now and again a dissentient note amid the general chorus of appreciation.

TECHNICAL EDUCATION FOR GIRLS.

THE need for technical instruction for girls is pressing, and becomes every year more urgent. Not only do girls require the same preparation for trades and skilled manual operations as men, but they have also special requirements of their own. As regards trades common to men and women, all that is needed is that the classes which give the necessary preliminary education should be open to both sexes. Certain trades, however, and certain branches of particular trades, are more or less in the hands of women, and special educational arrangements are needed if these feminine industries are to keep pace with the times. A manufacturer of children's clothing in a large provincial town recently stated that he had the greatest difficulty in finding workwomen who could design new patterns in the trimming or cut of the garments. Good wages would be earned by workers trained in this particular art, in which women must almost of necessity be employed; and the case is a fair sample of the manner in which women's labour and its remuneration suffers from the absence of preliminary training. The small consideration in which their work is too often held is probably due in a great degree to this initial disadvantage. There are many other branches of trade, such as jewellery work, and various kinds of designing, that are particularly suitable for women, and it is hardly too much to hope that when their intelligence has been fairly enlisted, and hand and eye are thoroughly trained, women will have sufficient ingenuity to devise new kinds of occupation, turning some that had previously been carried on either by haphazard or by rule of thumb into skilled employments. There is abundant opening for such reforms. It is highly advisable, therefore, that those who are charged with

the working out of the new educational schemes should be alive to any particulars in which the interests of women, with regard to the trades of the district, may be forwarded.

Among women's crafts dairy work stands to some extent alone. Happily progress has already been made in this direction. Dairy schools are being instituted in different parts of the country, and the itinerant schools of Ireland are now finding their imitators in England. The classes held in these schools are very popular, though it is probable that the best method has hardly yet been devised for making them permanently useful. At present it is a common complaint that the improvement in cheese and butter making in the districts visited is only temporary. When, however, the difficulties which invariably beset a new enterprise are overcome, we may hope to see evidence of a permanent change for the better. Reform in dairy methods is much needed; and if County Councils can bring it about, the agricultural interest will have good cause to be grateful to the movement in favour of technical education.

The most important department of women's work, however, after all, is the domestic arts; and with regard to these, unfortunately, no adequate means of training are as yet available. There can be no question that education in household matters has suffered severely in recent years. The blame is commonly laid at the door of the modern system of education, the presumption being that girls' time is so fully employed with school lessons that they are unable to attend to domestic duties. Though there may be a grain of truth in this accusation, the real cause is undoubtedly to be sought in the general tendencies of the time, which are rapidly altering the economic position of women. These tendencies cannot be analysed here; it must be sufficient to note the fact that domestic education is in great danger of going to the wall, and that among the artisan classes that undesirable result may fairly be said to have come about already. For them the problem is serious, since its solution is intimately concerned with the larger question of health and general well-being. So long as the wives of English artisans and labourers continue to display the grossest ignorance as to the feeding and management of children, the preparation of household food, the making-up of clothing, and the care of the sick, it is impossible for their families—that is, for the working classes as a whole—to enjoy as good health as their circumstances would otherwise permit. The lives of the poor would be rendered infinitely richer in comfort and happiness if their womenkind were better instructed in all matters that concern the management of the home. France, Germany, and Scandinavia, are far ahead of us in this respect. A German working-woman does not feel that she has done her duty by her daughters if she has not instructed them thoroughly in all branches of household work, instilling at the same time ideas of thrift and management of which Hodge's wife is blissfully ignorant, and which would fill with scorn the superior soul of Mary Ann below stairs.

In England the decay of the domestic arts has been hastened by the factory system, which, by giving girls remunerative employment from an early age prevents them from picking up more than the flimsiest training at home, and tends, further, to give them a distaste for domestic work. Skill has vanished from the artisan's household, and the only hope of restoring it is by giving systematic instruction in the school-room. The teaching of plain sewing in the elementary schools has already effected some improvement, and the recent introduction of cookery and laundry work may be expected to achieve still more. To be effective, however, the reform must be carried out upon a much larger scale. The "educational net" must be spread widely enough to draw within its meshes every girl in the working classes, while schools of housewifery should be instituted for the more complete instruction of those who, either as a means of earning their livelihood, or the better

to superintend their own households, desire to pursue the study of the domestic arts still further. With domestic service rapidly falling into utter disorganisation—as it is—the instinct of self-preservation should urge householders of the middle classes to push forward in every possible way the movement for the better training of girls in domestic matters. Before long they will have to face the problem of either finding a new and wholly different class of servants or doing the work of the house themselves.

FRENCH PODSNAPPERY.

AMONG the many English delusions in regard to France and its literature there is none more persistent than the assumption that the novelists of that Mudie-less country cannot be induced to cater for the young person. In reality, innocuous romances, tales told to speed a young maid's hour, are as common there as here; only they are not so much discussed in the newspapers. Criticism is prone to concern itself exclusively with what M. Brunetière would not let M. Émile Hennequin call the "morphology" of literature—that is, with the history of its transformations, with the points of inflexion, as the mathematicians would say, of its curves of development; and these transformations, these inflexions, are obviously more apt to be found in novels covering the whole field of life than in those restricted to the narrow playground of Mr. Gilbert's historic young lady of fifteen. But the French novel which ignores illicit passions and may be safely left on the tables of Bayswater drawing-rooms exists in despite of something like a conspiracy of silence on the part of the critics; and a very characteristic specimen of this kind comes to hand in M. Louis Énault's latest book, "Tragiques Amours" (Paris: Hachette). It is impossible to read in this respectable romance (for only the young maiden herself could read through it) without a feeling of regret that so many good sentiments should be compatible with such a wanton prodigality of bad writing. That the story is a tissue of preposterously romantic adventures is, of course, nothing against it; in a novel of incident one cannot grumble at incidents. But it is irksome to find these adventures achieved by conventional puppets who think nothing but dull commonplaces and talk nothing but platitudes. Our own impression, after the insight afforded by "Gyp" and some other lively writers into the mind and moods of the modern *ingénue*, is that M. Énault underrates the intellectual calibre of the young French maiden. Mlle. Loulou and her kind may not be above reveling in the adventures of "Tragiques Amours"; but she has ideas, and M. Énault apparently has not. She has probably a vague adumbration of the truth that literature should offer a criticism of life, and M. Énault certainly has not. Mlle. Loulou, moreover, is not a snob, whereas in literary snobbery the author of "Tragiques Amours" out-Ohnets M. Ohnet.

But, one thing at a time, and, first, as to the prodigious adventures. The chivalrous Count Jacques de Caussade loves the peerless Blanche de Quincy, and, to steal her young affections, gets himself installed in the lady's house in the guise of sick-nurse to her father. (This notion, M. Énault modestly thinks, may provoke comparison with Molière's *L'Amour Médecin*.) Having won the lady's heart, the Count throws off his disguise and makes his proposal in due form to her father, the Marquis, who scornfully rejects his suit because he, the Marquis, has slain the Count's father in a duel. Of course another duel follows, the Marquis is wounded, and retires to his romantic château—"triste comme un prison. Les murailles ont trois mètres d'épaisseur; la cour d'honneur est entourée de fossés toujours pleins d'eau, et l'on n'y pénètre qu'en passant sur un pont-lévis." (See the Castle of Chillon in the chromo-

lithographs.) The Count follows, and naturally takes up his abode in a ruined, ivy-clad tower. Thereupon the Marquis immures his daughter in a convent, where she dies by inches. The Count puts to sea in his yacht, and you feel sure that one day the hapless Blanche will have a fainting-fit over a morning paper announcing the wreck of that yacht. She does have the fit, dies, and is buried; and as both hero and heroine are now disposed of, you conclude that the story is at an end. But here it is that M. Énault shows you of what surprises the novel of adventure is capable. The Count was not dead after all, and on the very day of his return safe and sound into port he walks into the cemetery to find that they are burying Blanche. (M. Énault here loses an obvious opportunity for another modest suggestion, that his plot is something like that of *Hamlet*.) Shrouding his yacht in crape, the Byronic Count bribes his crew to carry off the lady's coffin at dead of night; and in the solitude of his state cabin he clasps the corpse to his arms—whereupon the corpse revives. It seems that the lovely Blanche has only been in a trance after all. They put to sea, are married at the nearest Italian port—"car nous avons des principes," as the Count explains—and duly write to inform the Marquis of what has happened. But the letter, being confided to a philatelic messenger, fails to be delivered, and the novel is not yet ended. There is no reason why it ever should be—but you have probably had enough of the story.

This engaging narrative is interspersed with profound philosophic reflections. "Love is stronger than death," "The poet has well said, 'Absence is the greatest of evils,'" "Un enlèvement est toujours une chose grave, difficile à proposer à une fille bien élevée," "The moment of separation, toujours si cruelle pour ceux qui aiment," "He was somewhat perturbed, as even the bravest are on the eve of a first duel." But M. Énault's philosophy is more tolerable than his wit. A lady, who was not in the habit of smoking, "ne faisait pas monter les actions de la régie." A friend lends the Count a novel. "Cela fait toujours passer une heure ou deux, comme la torture autrefois." (Another theatrical parallel for M. Énault. One of Mr. Gilbert's characters complains that the torture-chamber was not supplied with the illustrated papers.)

As for the snobbery, it is rampant, yet mainly unconscious. If a servant hands a letter, we are carefully informed that it is offered "sur un plateau d'argent." If a doctor departs, it is because he is "rappelé à Paris par sa nombreuse clientèle." When a gentleman recovers from a paralytic stroke he casts an "œil chercheur et inquiet" on another gentleman in the sick-chamber, "dans il ignore la position sociale." The latter, however, subsequently presents himself in a "tenue de voyage tout à la fois d'une correction parfaite et d'une rare élégance," and then the suspicious gentleman was happy, for he "devina tout de suite que le nouveau venu appartenait à une classe sociale plus élevée que," etc. Does Mlle. Loulou really like this sort of thing? Hardly, or she would not have had the famous conversation with the *voyou* in the Champs Élysées of which her historian tells. In fine, the best that can be said for M. Énault's book is, in his own phrase, "cela fait passer une heure ou deux, comme la torture autrefois."

ROYALTY IN ART.

THE subject is full of suggestion, and though any adequate examination of it would lead me beyond the limits of this paper, I think I may venture to lift its fringe. To do so, we must glance at its historic side. We know the interest that Innocent the Third took in the art of Michael Angelo and Raphael—had it not been for the Popes, St. Peter's would not have been built, nor would "The Last Judgment" have been painted. We know, too, of Philip the Fourth's great love of the art of Velasquez.

The Court of Frederick the Great was a republic of art and letters; and is it not indirectly to a Bavarian monarch that we owe Wagner's immortal *chefs-d'œuvre*, and hence the musical evolution of the century? With these facts before us it would be puerile to deny that in the past Royalty has lent invaluable assistance in the protection and development of art. Even if we turn to our own country we find at least one monarch who could distinguish a painter when he met one. Charles the Second did not hesitate in the patronage he extended to Vandyke, and it is—as I have frequently pointed out—to the influence of Vandyke that we owe all that is worthiest and valuable in English art. Bearing these facts in mind—and it is impossible not to bear them in mind—it is difficult to go to the Victorian Exhibition and not ask: Does the present Royal Family exercise any influence on English art? This is the question that the Victorian Exhibition puts to us; we may not shirk it; it is the very *raison d'être* of the Exhibition. After fifty years of reign, the Queen throws down the gauntlet; and speaking through the medium of the Victorian Exhibition, she says:—"This is how I have understood art; this is what I have done for art; I countenance, I court, I challenge inquiry."

Yes, truly the Victorian Exhibition is an object-lesson in Royalty. If all other records were destroyed, the historian, five hundred years hence, could reconstitute the psychological characteristics, the mentality, of the present reigning family from the pictures on exhibition there. For in the art that it has chosen to patronise (on the subject of art a more united family it would be hard to imagine—nowhere can we detect the slightest difference of opinion), the Queen, her spouse, and her children appear to be singularly *bourgeois*: a staid German family congenially and stupidly commonplace, accepting a little too seriously its mission of crowns and sceptres, and accomplishing its duties, grown out of date, somewhat witlessly, but with heavy dignity and forbearance. Waiving all racial characteristics, the German *bourgeois* family mind appears plainly enough in all these family groups; no other mind could have permitted the perpetration of so much stolid family placidity, of so much "*fraudism*." "Exhibit us in our family circle, in our coronation robes, in our wedding dresses, let the likeness be correct and the colours bright—we leave the rest to you." Such seems to have been the Royal artistic edict issued in the beginning of the present reign. In no instance has the choice fallen on a painter of talent; but the middling from every country in Europe seems to have found a ready welcome at the Court of Queen Victoria. We find there middling Germans, middling Italians, middling Frenchmen—and all receiving money and honour from our Queen. The Queen and the Prince Consort do not seem to have been indifferent to art, but to have deliberately, and with rare instinct, always picked out what was most worthless; and regarded in the light of documents, these pictures are valuable; for they tell plainly the real mind of the Royal Family. We see at once that the family mind is wholly devoid of humour; the very faintest sense of humour would have saved them from exhibiting themselves in so ridiculous a light. The large picture of the Queen and the Prince Consort surrounded with their children, the Prince Consort in knee-breeches, showing a finely turned calf, is sufficient to occasion the overthrow of a dynasty if humour were the prerogative of the many instead of being that of the few. This masterpiece is signed, "By G. Belli, after F. Winterhalter;" and in this picture we get the mediocrity of Italy and Germany in quintessential strength. These pictures also help us to realise the private life of our Royal Family. It must have spent a great deal of time in being painted. The family pictures are numberless, and the family taste is visible upon them all. And there must be some strange magnetism in the

family to be able to transfuse so much of itself into the minds of so many painters. So like is one picture to another, that the Exhibition seems to reveal the secret that for the last fifty years the family has done nothing but paint itself. And in these days, when everyone does a little painting, it is easy to imagine the family at work from morn to eve. Immediately after breakfast the easels are set up, the Queen paints the Princess Louise, the Duke of Edinburgh paints Princess Beatrice, the Princess Alice paints the Prince of Wales, etc. The easels are removed for lunch, and the moment the meal is over work is resumed. After having seen the Victorian Exhibition, I cannot imagine the Royal Family in any other way; I am convinced that is the way they must have passed their lives for the last quarter of a century. The names of G. Belli and F. Winterhalter are no more than flimsy make-believes. And are there not excellent reasons for holding to this opinion? Has not the Queen published, or rather surreptitiously issued, certain little collections of drawings? Has not the Princess Louise, the artist of the family, publicly exhibited sculpture? The Princess Beatrice, has she not done something in the way of designing? The Duke of Edinburgh, he is a musician. And it is in these little excursions into art that the family most truly manifests its *bourgeois* nature. The sincerest *bourgeois* are those who scribble little poems and smudge little canvases in the intervals between an afternoon reception and a dinner-party. The amateur artist is always the most inaccessible to ideas; he is always the most fervid admirer of the commonplace. The staid German family dabbling in art in its leisure hours—the most inartistic, the most Philistine of all Royal families—this is the lesson that the Victorian Exhibition impresses upon us.

But why should not the Royal Family decorate its palaces with bad art? Why should it not choose the most worthless portrait painters of all countries? Dynasties have never been overthrown for failure in artistic taste. I am aware how insignificant the matter must seem to the majority of readers and should not have raised the question, but since the question has been raised, and by Her Majesty, I am well within my right in attempting a reply. The Victorian Exhibition is a flagrant representation of a *bourgeois*, though a royal, family. From the beginning to the end the Exhibition is this and nothing but this. In the Entrance Hall, at the doorway, we are confronted with the Queen's chief artistic sin—Sir Edgar Boehm. Thirty years ago this mediocre German sculptor came to England. The Queen was not long in finding him out, and she at once employed him on work that an artist would have shrunk from—namely, statuettes in Highland costume. The German sculptor turned out this odious and ridiculous costume as fast as any Scotch tailor. He was then employed on busts, and he did the entire Royal Family in marble. Again, it would be hard to give a reason why Royalty should not be allowed to possess bad sculpture. The pity is that the private taste of Royalty creates the public taste of the nation, and the public result, and of the gracious interest that the Queen was pleased to take in Mr. Edgar Boehm, is the disfigurement of London by several of the worst statues it is possible to conceive. It is bad enough that we should have German princes foisted upon us, but German statues are worse. The ancient site of Temple Bar has been disfigured by Boehm with statues of the Queen and the Prince of Wales, so stupidly conceived and so stupidly modelled that they look like figures out of a Noah's Ark. The finest site in London, Hyde Park corner, has been disfigured by Boehm with a statue of the Duke of Wellington so bad, so paltry, so characteristically the work of a German mechanic, that it is impossible to drive down the beautiful road without experiencing a sensation of discomfort and annoyance. The original statue that was pulled down in the interests of Boehm was, it is true, bad English, but bad English suits the landscape better than cheap German. And

this disgraceful thing will remain, disfiguring the finest site in London, until, perhaps, some dynamiter blows the thing up, ostensibly to serve the cause of Ireland, but really in the interests of art. At the other end of the park we have the Albert Memorial. We sympathise with the Queen in her grief for the Prince Consort, but we cannot help wishing that her grief were expressed more artistically.

A city so naturally beautiful as London can do without statues; the question is not so much how to get good statues, but how to protect London against bad statues. If for the next twenty-five years we might celebrate the memory of each great man by the destruction of a statue we might undo a great part of the mischief for which Royalty is mainly responsible. I do not speak of Boehm's Jubilee coinage—the melting-pot will put that right one of these days—but his statues, beyond some slight hope from the dynamiters, will be always with us. Had he lived, London would have disappeared under his statues; at the time of his death they were popping up by twos and threes all over the town. Our lovely city is our inheritance; London should be to the Londoner what Athens is to the Athenian. What would the Athenians have thought of Pericles if he had proposed the ornamentation of the city with Persian sculpture? Boehm is dead, but another German will be with us before long, and, under Royal patronage, will continue the odious disfigurement of our city. If our Royal Family possessed any slight aesthetic sense its influence might be turned to the service of art; but as it has none, it would be well for Royalty to refrain. Art can take care of itself if left to the genius of the nation and freed from foreign control. The Prince of Wales has never affected any artistic sympathies. For this we are thankful: we have nothing to reproach him with except the unfortunate "Roll-call" incident. Royalty is to-day but a social figment—it has long ago ceased to control our politics. Would that Royalty would take another step and abandon its influence in art.

G. M.

THE DRAMA.

"MARGARET BYNG"—"THE GAMBLER"—MR. TREE AND MR. GOSSE ON IBSEN.

SINCE M. Victorien Sardou took a fancy to the Mediterranean littoral and built his soul a lordly pleasure house in the environs of Nice, the stage has shown us a continuous series of dramatic chromolithographs set in the framework of the Riviera. Let me call them, for short, Rivieramas. The theatrical potentialities of the neighbourhood are so conspicuous as probably to find honourable mention in the house agents' and hotel-keepers' advertisements. For the Riviera, from the dramatic view-point, means Monte Carlo; and Monte Carlo means needy adventuresses, gamblers murdered for the sake of their winnings, and a general atmosphere of lurid villainy; and these delights mean Rivierama. *Margaret Byng*, by Messrs. F. C. Philips and Percy Fendall, produced at the Criterion one afternoon this week, is a Rivierama. You are sitting in your room in the Hôtel des Anglais, Nice, when the raucous voice of the *camelot* grates on your ear. "L'Courrier du Soir-r-r, deux sous, d'mandez l'assassinat du ch'min d'fer, dix centimes." You find that a gentleman was barbarously murdered in the train last night, and robbed of the spoil he was bringing away from M. Blanc's table. Observe that pretty English widow, when she hears the news. She is a fascinating creature, heavily in debt to the hotel proprietor, as you know, and encumbered with a disreputable papa. In fact she is a typical Rivieradventuress. She seems strangely moved. Does she know anything of the crime? You interrogate the waiter. Mme. Byng did not occupy her room last night. Heavens! If

she should prove—and so you weave a romantic story about the pretty widow and the murdered Englishman.

That is what Mr. Philips and his collaborator have done, and they have not done it adroitly. Mrs. Byng did travel by that train, in the very next compartment to that occupied by the Englishman, to whose brother, by the way, she is half engaged to be married. She heard the fatal scuffle, and when the train stopped laid her finger on the assassin. Instead, however, of handing him over to the police, she accepted half the plunder as hush-money. From that moment she was a lost woman. The murderer, a Corsican compound of Pranzini and Mr. Beerbohm Tree in *Called Back*, dogged her footsteps and proposed marriage, urging, as a somewhat inadequate excuse for loitering thus foolishly on the scene of his crime, that none but the brave deserve the fair. But it was not the fear of the Corsican ogre so much as remorse, the restless longing to confess (the orthodox psychology of the matter ever since Dostoevsky wrote *Le Crime et le Châtiment*), which ultimately compelled her to unburden her guilty soul to her betrothed. Thereupon the Corsican slew her, and the curtain fell. I said that the authors were maladroit in the conduct of their fable. The continued presence of the Corsican is not plausibly accounted for. Several of the personages are useless to the action: e.g., the murdered man and his wife. The fact of the murder was all that was wanted; there was no need to give us a glimpse of the victim going to the slaughter. His wife is apparently introduced in order that the Rivieradventuress's character may be blackened by her hypocritical condolences with the woman whose husband she has practically robbed. But these condolences, being offered behind the scenes go for nothing. *Sublatā causā, tollitur effectus*. The Rivieradventuress's disreputable father is as conventional a dummy as the confidant of old French tragedy. One whole act—the first—showing us the widow's torture by her husband's creditors before her widowhood, is extraneous to the drama. In fact, the incidents march in the loose order of a novel rather than in the serried ranks proper to a play. I have a vague notion, right or wrong, that *Margaret Byng* has already appeared as a novel. In any case, I am confident it would be more interesting in that form.

Poor as the play is in its integrity, there are good things in it. The scene of the young wife at bay in the presence of insolent duns and alcoholised sheriff's officers is distinctly piquant. So is that of the separation between husband and wife by mutual consent. The dialogue has a sharp, sub-acid, cynical flavour. It "bites." There was nothing noteworthy in the acting, with the exception of Mr. Brookfield's Corsican, a diverting variant of the typical Rivierascal, and the Rivieradventuress of Miss Estelle Burney, an unequal performance, but always intelligent, and sometimes powerful.

The new fashion of giving isolated trial performances as *soirées* instead of *matinées* is at least a hygienic measure. It gives empty theatres, musty and musty through disuse, an occasional airing. Such a performance was that of *The Gambler*, by Mr. G. W. Boulding, at the Royalty on Saturday last. As its title indicates, this play was an attempt to revive that practically extinct dramatic species of which Moore's *Gamester*, once made famous by the Mrs. Beverley of Sarah Siddons, is the archetype. Mrs. Beverley, the long-suffering wife, who "never, never will desert Mr. Micawber," and who delivers lengthy sermons on the evils of gaming straight over the footlights, reappeared in Mr. Boulding's play. When the sermon was over, the lady put to flight the crew of sharpers who had just beggared her husband by apostrophising them as "Ye vultures, ye vampires ye ghouls!" I fear I can recollect nothing else remarkable in *The Gambler*, except the proud persistency with which Mr. Leonard Outram, as a British officer, wore his full regiments both at the domestic

hearth and at the card-table, and a certain likeness which the scene of his confession of forgery bore to that in the last act of Feuillet's *Chamillac*. Mrs. Bennett, as the patient (but sermonising) Grisel, harangued the vampires and ghouls of the card-table with all the perfervid eloquence of the Surrey-side.

Mr. Beerbohm Tree's Sunday evening lecture to the Playgoers' Club "On some interesting fallacies of the Modern Stage" turned out to be a plea for dramatic idealism, enlivened by extracts from Maeterlinck and droll anecdotes. Being, for my own poor part, of Dr. Johnson's opinion about lectures, I anticipated a necessarily superficial treatment of the subject—and I was not disappointed. The great, but by this time rather tiresome, Ibsen question cannot get itself settled by *mots à effet*, rhetorical phrases about "the drama of perpetual night," and so forth. But it was very agreeable trifling, and the lecturer paid adroit compliments to both the Ibsenite and Anti-Ibsenite factions. And on Monday afternoon Mr. Edmund Gosse proceeded to damn them both, with all the condescending impartiality of the "cross-bench mind," at the London Institution. It seems that Mr. Gosse interviewed Dr. Ibsen twenty years ago, and was the first to introduce him to the English public. Extracts from correspondence exchanged between the two poets revealed the fact that Mr. Gosse, on learning that Dr. Ibsen was proposing to write sociological dramas, promptly gave him some advice on the subject. Unfortunately, this advice was not taken. One remarkable theory Mr. Gosse had to propound, which in the light of a certain English version of *Hedda Gabler*, was not without its touch of humour. This was to the effect that Dr. Ibsen rejected verse for prose as the medium for his social dramas in order that they might not lose by translation.

A. B. W.

THE WEEK.

IN his life of PITT, LORD ROSEBURY mentions his hero's natal year, 1759, as distinguished by the births of two other great men, BURNS and WILBERFORCE. He might have added a third—SCHILLER, who was born on November 10 or 11 in this year. If the former date be correct, it was the anniversary of the birth of LUTHER.

IN alluding to the anecdotes of PITT's hard drinking, LORD ROSEBURY omits to instance the couplet said to have been improvised between him and DUNDAS upon their entering the House together, *Bacchi pleni* :—

"I cannot see the Speaker, Hal, can you?"
"Not see the Speaker, man! Why, I see two!"

The writer in the "Biographie Universelle," retailing this story, renders Speaker by *l'orateur*.

THERE is a curious mistake in SIR H. S. CUNNINGHAM'S life of EARL CANNING in the "Rulers of India" series, page 9. The MARQUIS OF HASTINGS is said, among other exploits, to have "proclaimed England as an Eastern Power by sending an Indian army to co-operate in Egypt against a European foe." HASTINGS, who became Governor-General in 1813, never sent, and never had occasion to send, an expedition to Egypt. The expedition commanded by SIR DAVID BAIRD, which left India in December, 1800, was dispatched by the MARQUESS WELLESLEY.

A FRENCHMAN has made a very neat remark regarding PROFESSOR JOWETT'S forthcoming "Life of Christ." He quotes from an English paper a sentence describing the book as conceived in an entirely different spirit from any work hitherto published on

the same subject. Are the Gospels included among the hitherto published works? is the Frenchman's query.

No foreign artist with so much talent is less known in England than MADAME HENRIETTE RONNER. Her friends believing that her modesty was doing an injustice to herself and to her art, have persuaded her to permit the celebration of her seventieth completed year by the simultaneous publication in France, Holland, and England of an illustrated essay, written in each case by a different hand. To MR. M. H. SPIELMANN has been allotted the suitable task of writing the text for the English edition, which is published very sumptuously by MESSRS. CASSELL. MR. SPIELMANN has recorded the delightful achievements of this great painter of cat life and cat character. It was only last year in the *Magazine of Art* that the English public was enabled for the first time to become acquainted with this lady's work.

THE book published under the title of "The New Calendar of Great Men" (MACMILLAN), and edited by MR. FREDERIC HARRISON, was projected in 1883 by the Newton Hall Committee for the purpose of illustrating the general theory of historical development put forth in various works by AUGUSTE COMTE. COMTE'S "Positivist Calendar" contained a series of typical names, illustrious in all departments of thought and power. The greatest names were associated with the months; fifty-two other great names with the weeks; and one worthy was given to each day of the year. The present volume is a collection of condensed biographies of the 558 persons selected by COMTE for his calendar.

A NEW Life of RALEGH (The Clarendon Press), from the pen of MR. WILLIAM STEBBING, is certain of a fit audience. RALEGH'S wonderful personality has tempted many writers; but the intrinsic difficulties of the subject have left room for a fresh presentation. It is confusing for a biographer to be required to keep at once independent and in unison the poet, statesman, courtier, schemer, patriot, soldier, sailor, freebooter, discoverer, colonist, castle-builder, historian, philosopher, chemist, prisoner, and visionary. This, in spite of its difficulty, is what MR. STEBBING has attempted to do. With a clear perception of the method to be pursued and the ends to be aimed at, he recognises how imperfectly he has succeeded in acting up to his theory. Such a forestalling of criticism is often happily disappointed.

THE latest additions to MESSRS. SWAN SONNENSCHEIN & Co.'s "Dilettante Library" are "Browning's Criticism of Life," by MR. W. F. REVELL, and "Henrik Ibsen," by the REV. PHILIP H. WICKSTEED. MR. ARCHIBALD CONSTABLE was led to select "Bernier's Travels" as the opening volume of his "Oriental Miscellany" series for two reasons. An edition of the book had been promised, but never actually issued, by MR. CONSTABLE'S grandfather; and it is a book which he himself has always admired, even before he was able, from actual experience, to appreciate fully its very remarkable accuracy. In the present edition he makes no claim to ideal perfection: he hopes he has produced a work not absolutely correct, but merely less incorrect than others. BERNIER travelled in Hindustan 1656-68, during the reign of Aurungzebe. Having been trained under GASSENDI, he possessed great powers of accurate observation, and his book will always be valuable.

IN the same style as their editions of TENNYSON and ARNOLD, MESSRS. MACMILLAN & Co. issue "The Poetical Works of James Russell Lowell." The introduction is written by MR. THOMAS HUGHES.

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The same publishers have brought out an edition, with translation and notes by MR. A. J. BUTLER, of "The Paradise" of DANTE. It is eleven years since MR. BUTLER published in the same way DANTE'S "Purgatory."

THE *Fortnightly* shares in the general dulness of the December magazines. SIR CHARLES DILKE's brief rejoinder following "B.'s" article on "The British Army" indisposes one to read the latter. M. HUGUES C. ROUX's "Phases of Crime in Paris" is interesting, and discusses a subject which is also dealt with by MR. E. R. SHEARMAN, in the *Westminster*.

PERHAPS the most interesting article in the *National Review* is "Prince Bismarck in Middle Life," by a Prussian. The author blames BISMARCK for not having taken such advantage of the victory of the Germans in 1871 as would have postponed the revival of France to a very distant date. He insists that BISMARCK could have done so, but turned aside from the difficulties that lay in his way. Although the "Prussian" is himself generous towards France, he makes no allowance for similar magnanimity on the part of the DUKE OF LAUENBURG, who might have exacted fifteen instead of five milliards from the fallen foe. Even if he had, it would have been of little advantage in the long run. Anything short of a perpetual tribute would have left France ultimately free to resume her place among the first-rate powers. Henceforth the *National Review* will be published by MESSRS. W. H. ALLEN & CO.

THE December number of the *Cosmopolitan* is as attractive as any of the illustrated magazines, English or American. There are two SHERMAN articles of quite exceptional interest. The great-hearted general, "always thinking of you (his daughter), no matter how great the danger," reminds us of one of the noblest verses TENNYSON ever wrote :

"Thy voice is heard through rolling drums
That beat to battle where he stands;
Thy face across his fancy comes,
And gives the battle to his hands."

SHERMAN'S uncommon sense appears in such a sentence as this : " You have already seen that those can give the best advice who set the worst examples, for we realise best our own defects." His *bonhomie* and quiet humour appear in the following anecdote : In front of Savannah : GENERAL FRANK P. BLAIR, accompanied by GENERAL MOWER, rode up to SHERMAN, who, seeing that BLAIR's mind was burdened, asked, in a voice kindly with sympathy, " What is it, BLAIR? what's the matter; any trouble? " " Well, yes, there is liable to be," said BLAIR, slowly articulating each word. " I'm about out of whisky and cigars, and I'd like you to order me to get into that town to open up communications." " Serious as that, eh, BLAIR? " said the General. " Well, then, we will have to get in, that's all; anyhow, you have my consent." SHERMAN'S soldierly qualities and his wonderful gifts as a strategist are also illustrated in many ways.

IT is reported that FREDERICK NIETSCHE is dying in the Jena Asylum, where he has been confined so long.

THE lovely pine-clad promontory jutting into the sea between Monte Carlo and Mentone, known as the Cap Martin, has now, as most persons are aware, a

If housekeepers are in earnest in wishing to benefit the unemployed in East London, they should buy BRYANT & MAY'S Matches, and refuse the foreign matches which are depriving the workers in East London of a large amount in weekly wages.

big hotel standing on its extreme end. It is here, according to popular report on the Riviera, that the QUEEN means to spend next March : and certainly she could not desire a more exquisitely beautiful resting-place. At present the hotel contains a guest of a different order. This is ERNEST RENAN, who, having just finished his "History of the People of Israel," is resting there until the time when the proofs of the work are placed in his hands. The hotel is essentially English in its character and surroundings, and it is curious to see the great Frenchman breakfasting placidly in the midst of the groups of chattering English pleasure-seekers, or strolling slowly through the woods towards Mentone, where, if he pleases, he may have a little theological talk with MR. SPURGEON, who is slowly—very slowly—climbing back to health under the roof of the sunny Beau Rivage Hotel.

WE wonder if MR. GEORGE MEREDITH'S warlike poem, "England before the Storm," in the *Athenaeum* owes any of its inspiration to the *Fortnightly*, which, as SIR CHARLES DILKE puts it, has been thundering during the last six years for reform in our land forces. England has forgotten that the God of peace is also the God of war.

" She, impious to the Lord of Hosts,
The valour of her offspring boasts,
Mindless that now on land and main
His heeded prayer is active brain."

The mighty domineering style in which MR. MEREDITH uses language is even more marked in "Wind on the Lyre" in the *Anti-Jacobin* than in the *Athenaeum* poem.

MR. MEREDITH'S appearance as a witness in PINNOCK v. CHAPMAN & HALL was the most striking incident in a curious case. When asked if the opening of MAJOR ELLIS'S story of "James Peacock," which the jury found to be a libel of MR. JAMES PINNOCK, of Brighton, did not offend against the canons of good taste, MR. MEREDITH replied " that it was the attempt of a writer of serious mind to be humorous. It might almost be called a stereotype of that form of the element of humour. It was a failure, but still passed with the public." The learned judge suggested, "A kind of elephantine humour!" The judge could not see why stereotyped humour should not be described in a stereotyped way. " Quite so," replied MR. MEREDITH, delighted that he had made the judge understand. " I did not like it, but one would have to object to so much." One would have to object to so much! For years MR. MEREDITH'S finger has been on the pulse of the reading public, but, like a true physician, he has never himself exhibited anything merely for the purpose of pleasing the patient, although evidently very tolerant of the efforts of others in that direction.

THE obituary of the week, besides DOM PEDRO and MR. BAlestier, includes SIR A. BLYTH, formerly Premier and recently Agent-General of South Australia, who had spent forty years of his life in the Colony and had long been active in every department of its administration and political life; SIR WILLIAM MACLEAY, of New South Wales, distinguished alike in politics and in natural science, and an explorer of New Guinea; MR. EGERTON WARBURTON, a popular Cheshire squire; and M. ALPHAND, Director of the Public Works of Paris, who—made engineer of the public gardens of that city by BARON HAUSSMANN—had presided over the laying out of the Buttes-Chaumont, the Bois de Boulogne, the Champs Elysées, the garden of the Trocadéro, and indeed most of the public gardens of Paris, as well as those of the Exhibition of 1889, and who, according to his medical attendant, DR. CHARCOT, was "run to death like a hare" by his

hard work. His iron constitution, however, had enabled him to reach the age of seventy-four.

MORE than one writer of eminence has drawn attention to the death at Dresden last Sunday of MR. WOLCOTT BAESTIER, the young American publisher. To the general public MR. BAESTIER was only known by name, chiefly in connection with the recently established "English Library" which threatens to prove so formidable a rival to the enterprise of BARON TAUCHNITZ on the Continent. But many English men of letters knew MR. BAESTIER to be something more than an enterprising publisher, and some of the most eminent of them were deeply impressed by his remarkable gifts. Though very young, he was already in a fair way towards acquiring high reputation as an author, whilst his singularly fascinating personality had secured for him the warm regard of almost all who were brought in contact with him in connection with business or literary affairs. It seems but the other day that he was amongst us, talking in his cheery and brilliant fashion of the great schemes with which he was concerned, and of his own literary labours, which every day seemed to be acquiring greater value and importance. The news of his sudden death in the crisis of an attack of typhoid fever came as a terrible shock to his many friends in this country, and the event is everywhere regretted as the premature termination of a life of remarkable promise.

OUR Copenhagen correspondent writes:—"Unsurpassed as are the services rendered to the Liberal cause in Denmark by the late MR. BERG, they must still be said to have found an adequate expression by the altogether unparalleled display of sympathy and sorrow which has been called forth by his death. A funeral like his has not been witnessed in Denmark for the last two or three decades, if ever before, except a king's, and the spontaneous-ness of the proceedings gave them an additional weight. It was BERG's desire to be buried at Kolding, the town he had so long and so faithfully represented, but a funeral service was first held in one of the Copenhagen churches. Here the King was not represented, nor even the Ministers present, but one or two of them had, with all the other members of the Right in the Folksting, contributed to the magnificent silver wreath, which was sent from the Second Chamber. A funeral procession of some fifteen thousand persons accompanied the coffin to the railway station, where it remained over-night in order to be conveyed to Kolding the following day. At this place it was received with a procession of torches, and on Saturday a most imposing ceremony took place in the open air, there being no church large enough. Wreaths had been sent by the hundred, three triumphal arches had been erected, and some twelve thousand people, the flower of Liberalism in Denmark, had gathered. Afterwards several meetings were held; HOLGER DRACHMANN, the greatest living Danish poet, recited a poem he had written in honour of BERG, who was eulogised by some two score of speakers."

THE HIGH COURT OF BUDGERY-GAR.

WE were camped on the edge of a billabong. Barlas was kneading a damper, Drysdale was tenderly packing coals about the billy to make the water boil, and I was cooking the chops. The hobbled horses were picking the grass and the old-man salt-bush near, and Bimbi, the black boy, was gathering twigs and bark for the fire. Yes, that is the order of merit—Barlas, Drysdale, myself, the horses, and Bimbi. Then comes the Cadi. He is placed in a separate list, and given an isolated and indolent position, because he was our guest and also

because, in a way, he represented the Government. And though bushmen do not believe much in a far-off Government—even if they do say sometimes when protesting against a bad Land Law, "And your petitioners will ever Pray," and all that kind of yabber-yabber—they give its representative the lazy side of the fire and a fig of the best tobacco, when he bails up a camp as the Cadi did ours. Stewart Ruttan, the Cadi, was the new magistrate at Windowie and Gilgan, that is, for a huge section of the Carpentaria country. He was now on his way to Gilgan to try some cases there. He was a new chum, though he had lived in Australia for years. As Barlas said, he'd been kept in a cultivation-paddock in Sydney and Brisbane; and he was now going to take the business of justice out of the hands of Heaven and its trusted agents the bushmen, and reduce the land to the peace of the Beatitudes by the imposing reign of law and summary judgments. Barlas had just said as much, though in different language.

I knew by the way that Barlas dropped the damper on the hot ashes and swung round on his heel that he was in a particularly bad temper. "And so you think, Cadi," he said, "that we squatters and bushmen are a hard-hearted, murderous lot; that we hunt down the Myalls (aborigines) like kangaroos or dingos, and unrighteously take justice in our own hands instead of handing it over to you?"

"I think," said the Cadi, "that individual and private revenge should not take the place of the Courts of Law. If the blacks commit depredations—"

"Depredations!" Drysdale interjectingly repeated with emphatic scorn.

"Depredations and crimes," the Cadi continued, "they should be captured as criminals are captured elsewhere and be brought in and tried. In that way respect would be shown to British law and—"—here he hesitated slightly, for Barlas' face was not pleasant to see—"and the statutes."

But Barlas' voice was almost compassionate as he said, "Cadi, every man to his trade, and you've got yours. But you haven't learned yet that this isn't Brisbane or Melbourne. You haven't stopped to consider how many police would be necessary for this immense area of country if you are really to be of any use. And see here"—his face grew grim and dark—"you don't know what it is to wait for the law to set things right in this Never, Never Land. There isn't a man in the Carpentaria and Port Darwin country but has lost a friend by the cowardly crack of a waddy in the dead of night or a spear from behind a tree. Never any fair fighting, but red slaughter and murder, curse their black hearts!" And Barlas gulped down what seemed very like a sob. Drysdale and I knew how strongly Barlas felt. He had been engaged to be married to a girl on the Daly River, and a week before the wedding she and her mother and her two brothers were butchered by blacks whom they had often befriended and fed. We knew what had turned Barlas' hair grey and spoiled his life. Drysdale took up the strain: "Yes, Cadi, you've got the true missionary gospel, the kind of yabber they fire at each other over tea and buns at Darling Point and Toorak—all about the poor native and the bad, bad men who don't put peas in their guns, and do sometimes get an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth. . . . Come here, Bimbi." Bimbi came.

"Yoki, marmi" ("Yes, master"), Bimbi said. "You kill that black fellow, mother belonging to you?"

"Yoki, marmi."

"Yes," Drysdale continued, "Bimbi went out with a police expedition against his own tribe, and himself cut his own mother's head off. As a race, as a family, the blacks have no loyalty. They will track their own brothers down for the whites as ruthlessly as they track the whites down. As a race they are treacherous and vile. As individuals they may have their good points."

"No, Cadi," once more added Barlas, "we can

get along very well without your consolidated statutes or High Courts or Low Courts just yet. They are too slow. Leave the black devils to us. You can never prove anything against them in a court of law. We've tried that. Tribal punishment is the only proper thing for individual crime. That is what the nations practice in the islands of the South Seas. A trader or a Government official is killed. Then a man-of-war sweeps a native village out of existence with Hotchkiss guns. Cadi, we like you; but, we say to you, Go back to your cultivation-paddock at Brisbane, and marry a wife and beget children, and feed on the Government, and let us work out our own salvation. We'll preserve British justice and the statutes, too. . . . There, the damper, as Bimbi would say, is corbon budgery (very good), and your chop is done to a turn, Cadi. . . . And now let's talk of something that doesn't give a chap a bad taste in the mouth."

The Cadi undoubtedly was more at home with reminiscences of nights at the Queensland Club and moonlight picnics at lovely Humpy Bong and champagne spreads in a Government launch than at dispensing law in the Carpentaria district. And he had eager listeners. Drysdale's open-mouthed, admiring "My word!" as he puffed his pipe, his back against an iron-bark tree, was most eloquent of long banishment from the delights of the "cultivation-paddock"; and Barlas nodded frequently his approval, and was less grim than usual. And yet, peaceful as we were, it might have puzzled a stranger to see that all of us were armed. Armed in this tenantless, lonely wilderness! Lonely and tenantless enough it seemed. There was the range of the copper-mine hills to the south, lighted by the wan moon; and between and to the west a rough scrub country desolating beyond words, and where even edible snakes would be scarce; spots of dead-finish, gidya and brigalow bush to north and east, and in the trees by the billabong the cry of the cockatoo and the laughing-jackass. It was lonely, but surely it was safe. Yes, perhaps it was safe!

It was late when we turned in, our heads upon our saddles, for the Cadi had been more than amusing; he had been confidential, and some political characters were roughly overhauled for our benefit, while Society did not escape amiable flagellation. Next morning the Cadi left us. He gave us his camps—Bora Bora, Budgery-gar, Wintelliga, and Gilgan—since we were to go in his direction also soon. He turned round in his saddle as he rode off and said gaily, "Gentlemen, I hope you'll always help to preserve the majesty of the law as satisfactorily as you have sustained its representative from the contents of your swags."

Drysdale and I waved our hands to him, but Barlas muttered something between his teeth. We had two days of cattle-hunting in the Copper-mine hills, and then we started westward, in the tracks of the Cadi, to make for Barlas' station. The second day we camped at Bora Bora Creek. We had just hobbled the horses, and were about to build a fire, when Bimbi came running to us. "Marmi, marmi," he said to Drysdale, "that fellow Cadi yarraman mumkull over there. Plenty myall mandowie." ("Master, master, the Cadi's horse is dead over there, and there are plenty of black fellows' tracks about.")

We found the horse pierced with spears. The Cadi had evidently mounted and tried to get away. And soon, by a clump of the stay-a-while bush, we discovered, alas! the late companion of our camp-fire. He was gashed and speared from head to foot, and naked. We buried him beneath a rustling sandal-tree, and on its bark carved the words,

"Sacred to the memory of Stewart Ruttan."

And beneath, Barlas added the following—

"The Cadi sleeps. The law regards him not."

In a pocket of the Cadi's coat, which lay near, we found the picture of a sweet-faced girl. On the back of it was written,

"To dearest Stewart, from Alice."

Barlas' face was stern and drawn. He looked at us from under his shaggy brows. "There's a Court to be opened," he said. "Do you stand for law or justice?"

"For justice," we replied.

Four days later in a ravine at Budgery-gar a big camp of blacks were feasting, and with loathsome pantomime re-enacting the murders they had committed within the past few days; murders of innocent white women and children, and good men and true—among them the Cadi, God help him! Great fires were burning in the centre of the camp, and the bodies of the black devils writhed with hideous colour in the glare. Effigies of murdered whites were speared and gashed and mangled with brutal cries, and then black women of the camp were brought out and mockeries of the worst horrors that mind can conceive were performed. Hell had opened and emptied forth its carion.

But twelve bitter determined white men looked down upon this scene from the scrub and rocks above and their teeth were set. Barlas, their leader, turned to them and said:

"This court is open. Are you ready?"

"Ready!" was the reply. . . .

One is not bound to say how many of those sable murderers below escaped from that rain of bullets. But when those twelve white jurymen rode away from the ravine there was not one of them but believed that justice had been awarded by the High Court of Budgery-gar.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

OWEN MEREDITH.

SIR.—I think your reviewer has hardly hit the mark in attributing the loss of Owen Meredith's popularity to the "Orientalism" of his poetry. The "Wanderer," which, after "Clytaemnestra," was his first work of note, and which obtained considerable temporary success, but was soon pretty well forgotten, contained as little as possible of the "Oriental" element. All but two or three small and insignificant pieces are strictly modern, society verses, a mixture of the comic and the sentimental, of persiflage and sensationalism, evidently inspired by the spirit of the day, but attractive from the light melodious grace of the verse and the apparent personal feeling. They are in reality transcripts, more or less, we may suppose, disguised, of his own youthful experiences in various capitals of Europe, especially Paris, on which subject his verses decidedly give the effect of Alfred de Musset at second hand. The fascination soon died away, from a sense of the shallowness of the feeling and slight texture of the verse, as well, we may hope, as from the flavour of Parisian immorality which ran through it all.—I am, Sir, etc.

A. S.

IN THE HOLLOW AT LONG DITTON.

"This hollow at Long Ditton is the very place of singing birds; never was such a place for singing—the valley is full of music," etc.—"The Coming of Summer," by Richard Jefferies, in *Longman's Magazine* for December, 1891.

O f singing birds this hollow is the haunt,

Never was such a place for singing in!

The valley overflows with song and chaunt,

And brimming echoes spill the pleasant din:

Such wealth of jewels steeped in running gold

The azure cup of heaven can hardly hold.

High in the oak-trees where the fresh leaves sprout,

The blackbirds with their oboe voices make

The sweetest broken music all about

The beauty of the day for beauty's sake,

The wanton shadow, and the languid cloud,

The grass-green velvet where the daisies crowd.

And all about the air that softly comes

Thridding the hedgerows with its noiseless feet,

The purling waves with muffled elfin drums

That step along their pebble-paven street,

And all about the mates whose love they won,

And all about the sunlight and the sun.

The thrushes into song more bravely launch
Than thrushes do in any other dell;
Warblers and willow-wrens on every branch
Each hidden by a leaf their rapture tell;
Greenfinches in the elms sweet nothings say—
Busy with love from dawn to dusk are they.

A passionate nightingale adown the lane
Shakes with the force and volume of his song
A hawthorn's heaving foliage; such a strain,
Self-eaged like him to make his singing strong,
Some poet may have made in days of yore,
Untold, unwritten, lost for evermore.

JOHN DAVIDSON.

A LITERARY CAUSERIE.

THE SPEAKER OFFICE,

Friday, December 11th, 1891.

THE office of Devil's Advocate is invidious, but has been found necessary, and is not recorded to have frustrated the canonisation of any saint. Mr. Churton Collins in his "Illustrations of Tennyson" (Chatto & Windus) has no idea of interfering with Lord Tennyson's; on the contrary, he is emphatic in pointing out that the appropriation which adorns and exalts is not plagiarism, and that "it would be absurd and presumptuous to conclude that the analogies which have been traced between the ideas and expressions of Lord Tennyson and those of other poets and writers were in all, or indeed in most cases, deliberate or even conscious imitations." This is most true; it is impossible to estimate the part performed in all intellectual operations by unconscious cerebration, the draft upon the latent fund of thoughts, impressions, and phrases long ago received into the mind from extraneous sources, and apparently absorbed without a trace, yet in reality ever ready to appear when summoned by the magic of association. We could tell Mr. Collins, for instance, of a poet who wrote of "the climbing wave" without conscious indebtedness to Virgil or Lord Tennyson himself, though doubtless deriving the epithet from the latter; and Lord Tennyson might probably make the same assertion respecting nine-tenths of his alleged borrowings, even if, with respect to half of them, he had to add the same confession.

If we have a fault to find with Mr. Collins's learned and suggestive volume, it is that the limitation thus enunciated in the preface is not repeated in the book. Envy and unintelligence are potent factors in average literary criticism, and we shall not be surprised to see the Swan of Farringford passing for a Jackdaw by-and-by, especially if any American versifier should arise who should also be a critic, and who should stand in the same relation to him as Mr. Howells occupies to Dickens and Thackeray. It would be well if in Mr. Collins's next edition the obviously unconscious imitations were indicated by an asterisk, unless it were thought better to star the obviously conscious, which would, indeed, be less troublesome.

Instances of direct imitation are notwithstanding plentiful, and, curiously enough, they frequently occur in passages especially stamped with the writer's individuality of style. Nothing, for instance, could seem more truly Tennysonian than the lines—

"Arms on which the standing muscle sloped
As slopes a wild brook o'er a little stone,
Running too vehemently to break upon it."

Yet they are identified as the property of Theocritus, and the imitation is too elaborate to be unconscious. Mr. Collins also shows that the very peculiar burden of "Come into the garden, Maud," is caught from a forgotten lyric of Dryden's. It was, indeed, scarcely necessary to rehearse stories from the Mabinogion and the "Morte d'Arthur" to prove Lord Tennyson's

fidelity to his avowed originals, or to dwell upon the derivation of similes and descriptions from Homer, Virgil, and Shakespeare, which may be considered as much the common property of all poets as the phenomena of Nature herself. Nor need we be sent all the way to Dante for so trite an idea as the wheel of fortune; or to Dumas for so obvious a metaphor as "the fierce light that beats upon a throne." But Mr. Collins has done well in pointing out how deeply Tennyson is steeped in Lucretius, to whom he may almost be said to owe more than to any other poet.

In some cases the critic appears to us to measure the Laureate's erudition by his own. We question, for instance, whether Tennyson is deeply versed in Donne's sermons: if the profound lesson of the "flower in the crannied wall" must have any inspirer but the flower itself, this is more likely to be found in Emerson's dictum (probably after some more ancient sage) that "God reappears with all his parts in every moss and cobweb" (compare Pope, "as full, as perfect, in a hair as heart"). Nor can we for an instant believe that Tennyson found the Duke of Wellington's hoary hair in Claudian's "De Bello Getico;" and, in fact, unless Stilicho rode into battle bare-headed, his *canities* was not the whiteness of his hair but of his feathers. "Maud" was published in 1855, four years before Fitzgerald's "Omar Khayyam," and "the unseen hand at a game" cannot be derived from the latter unless Tennyson saw this in MS. It is difficult to determine the date of Fitzgerald's translation from his correspondence, but it seems certain that even his intimate friend Cowell had not seen it in September 1858. Finally, though Tennyson, writing of "the cobweb woven across the cannon's throat" may possibly have thought of Bacchylides, the entire description of Peace is manifestly a translation into words of Landseer's picture in the Vernon Gallery.

Mr. Collins's volume will always be a happy hunting ground for the seekers after literary coincidences. This vocation is not to be despised; its successful pursuit requires taste as well as learning, and even though it may appear to be occupied with minutiae, its tangible gain is not insignificant. It is most interesting to learn, what we are sure has hitherto been hidden from all men but Mr. Collins, that Chaucer, Shakespeare, Phineas Fletcher, Parnell, Pope, and Tennyson (Peacock might have been added), describing the circles made by a stone cast into water, were each and all following Silius Italicus, persuaded as we may be that not one of them knew it. But it would be highly unjust to Mr. Collins not to recognise higher aims in his researches than those of his prototype, Macrobius. He wishes, in the first place, to determine Lord Tennyson's place among English poets. We concur in his conclusion without admitting the relevancy of his chief argument. Lord Tennyson does belong to the second class of poets, not the first: and Mr. Collins's comparison of him with Virgil is most appropriate. But his tendency to imitate, and in imitating to improve upon his original, is neither cause nor symptom of this secondary rank. If all his beauties had been strictly his own, he would still have been a Virgil, a Spenser, a Dryden, rather than a Lucretius, a Shelley, a Chaucer; because, with one remarkable exception, his access to the fountains of inspiration is not immediate; he is essentially a reflective poet.

It may be well for the Victorian age that this is so; for it has enabled him to embody its spirit in his verse with a truth which would have been impossible to a poet of more forcible individuality. We look to the Drydens, not to the Miltos, for the mirror of their times. The very greatest poets are not for an age, but for all time: nor can we imagine the spirit

of any epoch to be perfectly transfused into temperaments so exceptional as a Wordsworth's or a Shelley's. It can be only bequeathed by a writer not too daringly original to be out of harmony with the age's prevailing influences, neither too much in its van nor too far in its rear—a Spenser, a Dryden, a Pope. These, and not his great immediate predecessors, are the poets with whom Lord Tennyson should be classed; his affinity to Spenser, as Mr. Collins has perceived, is especially close, and we do not believe that he will ultimately be ranked one whit below him. In one respect he surpasses him, his direct access to the truest inspiration, where pathos has to be combined with passion. The quieter mood of "Dora," tender as it is, may seem slightly artificial; but the intense feeling of "Edward Gray," "Break, break, break," "Maud" (notwithstanding Mr. Collins's disparaging estimate of this crown of Tennyson's poetry), and parts of "The Grandmother's Apology," and of "Locksley Hall" and "Lady Clare," equal Tennyson, so far as this limited department extends, with the poets whose inspiration has owed least to culture.

Mr. Collins has yet another object in view, for which he deserves thanks and commendation. He wishes to show, and has shown, how English literature should be made an instrument of education; how infinitely more valuable for the purpose of culture, as well as more interesting to the student, is the literary method of handling it than the philosophical.

R. G.

REVIEWS.

TWO CANONS OF LITERARY JUDGMENT.

WRITERS AND READERS. By George Birkbeck Hill, D.C.L. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1891.

THE six gossiping lectures which this book contains are composed in a vigorous style, and display the intimate knowledge of our eighteenth century literature suggested by their author's name. They display also some slight distortion of logic; but this blemish we are inclined to pardon. It does not interfere in any way with our enjoyment of Dr. Birkbeck Hill's picturesque and well-informed essays.

The first four lectures give an account of some of the literary tastes and opinions of the last two centuries; the importance of which account, though it is interesting in itself, lies in the general propositions supposed to issue from it. Inquiring after the latter, we could at first discover only the familiar one that "tastes differ." But Dr. Hill has not devoted four lectures to giving us glimpses of anything so obvious, and a nearer scrutiny set the following canons in relief as the heads of his argument, viz. (1) "In matters of taste there is only one sure judge, and that is time" (p. 16); (2) "Our literary tastes should be catholic" (Lect. iv. *passim*).

With regard to these propositions we differ seriously from Dr. Hill, for we consider the first to be entirely false, and the second only partly true. And we have this further difficulty, that most of Dr. Hill's instances seem to us to have no connection, either positive or negative, with his canons. We have not space to make this assertion good in detail here, but we would ask, for the sake of example, which of his canons the following instances support:—Southey is adduced as having thought that his "History of Brazil" "would ages hence be found among those works which are not destined to perish" (p. 12); Pomfret, the now unknown author of the "Choice," was still, at the end of the last century—a hundred years after his death—"the most popular of the English poets," teste Southey (p. 27); David Hume said of Home's *Douglas*, in despite of Shakespeare, "I am persuaded that it will be esteemed the best and, by French critics, the only tragedy in our language" (p. 42); (this is no breach of canon 1, Dr. Hill not having provided a common

measure of contemporaries and past-masters;) Samuel Johnson and his friends sat up all night to read the novels of Fanny Burney, of which we read, if anything, but Macaulay's criticism (p. 75); the Scotch language, country, and people, that were out of the fashion until Burns and Scott wrote, have been very much in the fashion since (p. 91).

If the second and fourth of these instances were reprimands to us for neglecting books approved by time, we could perceive their pertinence to at least one of the canons; but we do not gather that Dr. Hill has any wish to revive Pomfret and Fanny Burney. With regard to the fifth instance, it is hard to see that any literary taste is in question here. Scotland, it is true, is the "land o' cakes," but this circumstance hardly makes the taste for it belletristic, unless, indeed, Dr. Hill still classes the passion for letters, as in Grub Street days, among the intestinal movements. And as for the sudden vogue of Burns and Scott at the beginning of this century, it was not so much the aesthetic prejudices of our forefathers that had obscured those writers previously, as Providence, by delaying the date of their birth.

Our objections to the canons themselves, as opposed to the instances, are too many to elaborate. But in respect of the first canon we would ask what "time" signifies here; and since it cannot well signify anything more than "our predecessors,"—Father Time being no entity outside of fairy tales,—we would ask, secondly, what standard these predecessors used, whose decisions we are told to accept. Was it anything but their taste, *i.e.*, the reaction of their entire personality on the impressions offered? And if, as is the case, it was nothing else, why may not we, to whom the use of such a standard is as accessible as to any previous age, apply this standard for ourselves? If we would be true to our trust as men, we must apply it for ourselves, and that for two reasons. For, in the first place, only thus can taste be preserved living and natural. If we check the spontaneous reaction of our personality on its impressions, forcing on ourselves another guide in aesthetic matters—the reactions, for instance, of other personalities in other ages—our taste will become a thing of rules indeed, uniform and conventional, but not based on ourselves, charged therefore with no living force of humanity, lifeless, that is, and, because lifeless, false also and worthless. And secondly, only under this condition can the aesthetic ideal advance. In works of art, as in other things, each generation finds chiefly what it brings to the contemplation of them; and since no generation brings a universal mind to the task, the filling-in of the sum of truth evidently requires that men in all ages should exercise, to the best of their ability, their own individual judgments here,—that they may never, by substituting for their proper eyes the eyes of the past, let slip their opportunity of revealing another facet of the teaching of art.

But though we insist that our aesthetic consciences must remain thus in our own keeping, we do not hold that the judgments of the individual will necessarily be at variance with those of time. On the contrary, they will oftener agree with the latter at bottom, inasmuch as a book which has delighted many successive generations is likely to have that touch in it which finds the whole world kin. We contend only that in such cases our approval must be given, not at Time's dictate, not because the earlier generations have approved,—for then our individual judgment will be valueless,—but because we too are men, "et mentem mortalia tangunt."

Hereby Dr. Hill's second canon, the one which enjoins catholicity of taste, is also criticised. For if our taste is to be the spontaneous reaction of our personality on its impressions, the catholicity of our taste must be conditioned by the catholicity of ourselves; and since the latter is at best imperfect, our taste also, if it is to be true, can never be universal. Dr. Hill, accordingly, is not justified in blaming Macaulay for the imperfection of his literary benevolence (p. 121), unless he is prepared to blame

him for being an imperfect man; nor in counselling others to aim at a universal artistic sympathy, unless he regards them as capable of becoming first universal characters.

In his last two lectures Dr. Hill puts forward the study of literature as a means of cultivating the imagination, which faculty, he thinks, requires a special development at the present day, inasmuch as it, more than our other faculties, suffers from the disciplined uniformity of modern life—uniformity in externals, in educational methods, even in games.

We think with Dr. Hill that literature is a good nurse of the imagination; but we are not so sure that this faculty ought to receive any special cultivation now. No doubt the neglect of it is likely to render us one-sided; but when we put our whole energy forth in any task, one-sided we inevitably become, not being gods. We can only avoid one-sidedness, in fact, by being no-sided; and it is, therefore, our duty, not to shrink from one-sidedness, but to aim rather at being one-sided in the direction which our talents and the opportunity of the age (and in the average man these two conditions coincide) render most advantageous—the direction, that is, in which our one-sidedness can reach farthest. There can be little doubt which direction this is at present. The anti-synthetic mood of most of us declares plainly enough that our best development will be found in scientific research and practical construction. And, moreover, the opportunity of natural discovery is ours in a degree that has not been vouchsafed to other times; and our opportunity is our work.

The question, therefore, whether the imagination should be specially cultivated now, resolves itself into this other question: Whether the cultivation of that faculty is likely to aid us in our peculiar task of industrial and scientific construction. It has become the fashion lately to speak as if it would; to insist on the indispensability of imagination to the scientific searcher. But imagination is a big word, that covers more than one faculty. There is one kind of imagination, which is reason's child, that consists in running along a carefully observed chain of facts until we pass in an unchanged direction beyond its visible ending—in building an imaginary wing in strict keeping with the edifice of the actual; and there is another kind, which will not run along any chain of facts, nor observe any strict keeping with the actual, but, wayward, weaves together all impossible things, and chiefly excels in bestowing on momentary feelings a permanent habitation in the world without. And it is this second kind of imagination which literature and desultory study breed; which kind we hold to be not merely superfluous but harmful to the man of science, who is the man of law. For him the poet expresses the truer rule when he says—

"Willst du als Mann das Schwert der Wissenschaft verdaun,
Musst du als Jüngling nicht Kunztuckerbrückchen kaun;"

and Darwin gave the truer example when he allowed his artistic faculties to fall into a state of atrophy.

Not that we would propose to this age as a positive end the atrophy of its artistic faculties. We have been trying rather to suggest a doubt whether it is desirable to interfere with those conditions of modern life which, if carried far enough, might possibly realise such a result.

ARCHDEACON FARRAR'S LATEST.

DARKNESS AND DAWN. By F. W. Farrar. Two vols. London: Longmans, Green & Co. 1891.

THIS is a detestable book, writ in a style which is every good man's aversion. It is in two handsome, well-printed volumes, and is comely to look upon if a little heavy to hold. The craftsmen have all done their part—the paper-maker, the printer, the binder, and, we trust, the publisher; the only sinner is the author, but him it is impossible to forgive. He makes us well-nigh despair of the Republic, and

almost persuades us to become a Diggleite and grudge children a liberal education.

What, we were forced to ask ourselves, as, wearied and cloyed, the second volume of "Darkness and Dawn" dropped from our tired hand—what is the good of being a scholar, what is the advantage of being well-read, of having scorned delights and lived laborious days in learned foundations, of being a dignitary in a grave Church Establishment, of having read all that is to be read, of knowing the best in many literatures, if it is to leave you, as it has left Archdeacon Farrar, capable of writing a book like this?

The Archdeacon's admiration for all that is noble in literature is, we are sure, genuine. He can and will spin you off a page—or, for that matter, a dozen pages—in praise of the world's masterpieces. Homer, Virgil, Dante, all the lofty, grave tragedians taught in chorus and iambic, are at his finger's end. He dotes, we doubt not, on King James' version of the Holy Scriptures, and yet by some horrid fortune this Cymon loses none of his bad manners as he gazes on the perfect outlines of his Iphigenia. It would almost seem as if the more he admired, the worse he became. This it is that makes the case of the Archdeacon so melancholy. It gives the lie to the Latin grammar, to Gray's "Elegy," and we know not what else. The Arts, it would appear, do not always refine; whilst the chilliest penury, the blackest frost, is preferable to such a "genial current" as flows turbulently through the pages of "Darkness and Dawn."

The situation is a hopeless one, and must be abandoned. The Archdeacon has everything to learn, and yet there remains nothing he can be taught. He has in his library, we cannot doubt, a slender volume, not one-fifth the size of one of his splendid tomes, called "Callista," a sketch of the third century, a little book which still sheds a mild, glowworm light upon the far-off times of which it treats. But what is the good of praising "Callista" to Dr. Farrar? He knows it, and, what is more, admires it, and would outdo you in its praise; and yet all his admiration has not availed to cleanse the pages of his new book of a single superfluous epithet, or to instil into his composition one tiny grain of quietness, grace, or dignity.

To write a story of the beginnings of Christianity—its "dewy dawn," as Dr. Farrar inevitably calls it—amidst the decadence of the Pagan world, and to introduce into it historical and apostolical characters, could never under any circumstances be an easy task; but the difficulties of it are increased when, as in the present case, the author is by profession an advocate of the new faith. Dr. Johnson's well-worn saying about his taking care the Whig dogs had the worst of it is forced upon the reader of Dr. Farrar's highly coloured account of Pagan vices and Christian virtues. The authorities for the former are paraded, and their pages ransacked to justify the familiar tales about extravagance at the table and cruelty to slaves, whilst darker crimes, unfit for pious ears, are hinted at. That the Roman world was a hell is likely enough. Goethe has not hesitated to say that life is always one. A steady perusal of French novels and a careful study of French pictures and photographs may some day provide a priest of a strange faith with ample material for a lurid description of a foul though Christian world; but he will do well to remember what Dr. Farrar has forgotten, that to make two heaps, one of vices and the other of virtues, and to attribute one heap to one side and the other to the other, is not the way to make either history profitable or romance interesting.

The spread of Christian doctrine from one convert to another is an intensely interesting subject, and has been handled by Dr. Newman in "Callista" with rare skill. Dr. Farrar is not successful. He represents Britannicus asking Pomponia, "But what made His disciples believe that Christus was a Son of God?" Sitting quietly there, she told him that day of the Jews, as the people who had kept alive

for centuries the knowledge of the one true God; of their age-long hopes of a Deliverer; of their prophecies; and of the coming of the Baptist. On his next visit she told him of Jesus, and read to him parts of one of the old sketches of His ministry which were current in the form of notes and fragments among Christians who had heard the preaching of Peter or other apostles. Lastly, she told him some of the miracles and the story of His death and resurrection. He spake," she said, "as never man spake. He did what man never did. Above all, He rose from the dead the third day. Even the centurion who watched the Crucifixion returned to Jerusalem and said, 'Truly, this was a Son of God.' Britannicus felt almost stunned by the rush of new emotions."

The difficulty of making converts is gone if the convert that is to be starts with believing every word he is told, and never dreams of inquiring what are his instructor's means of information.

How far it is permissible to introduce real characters into a work of imagination is a question we should like to discuss with the admirable and painstaking author of "Esther Vanhomrigh." With Shakespeare staring us in the face, it is impossible to warn the novelist off the slopes of history altogether—for what the dramatist has done, the novelist may do. Taste and feeling must determine between what is lawful and what indecent. There may be—we are sure there are—those who will be glad to read in "Darkness and Dawn" that the face of the disciple whom Jesus loved was a perfect oval, and that his whole appearance was magnetic, and also that on entering a room he was capable of uttering the following sentences:—

"Rise," he said, 'brethren and saints. What homage is this? We are men of like passions with yourselves. I do not mistake your feelings. Ye think that such reverence must be due to a disciple, whom, unworthy as he was, yet Jesus loved. But know ye not that every true saint among you is nearer to Him now by His Spirit than it was possible for us to be in the days of His Flesh? Has not our brother Paul taught you in his preaching that your bodies are temples of the Holy Ghost, who dwelleth in you except you be reprobate?'

"Then Leucis rose and said, 'Let us kneel and thank God in Prayer that He has suffered an apostle of His Son to visit us, and then we will join in a common hymn.'

For ourselves, we can only say in sad sincerity that such stuff is horrible. The great Apostle of the Gentiles is described as "sadly disfigured by ophthalmia." If this is not impertinence, the word is for all practical purposes useless.

Nero we are ready to hand over to the tormentors. Dr. Farrar punishes him severely, and calls him "a bad boy." Dead Caesars have often been spitefully used; this one, so far from stopping a chink to keep the wind away, is hollowed into a whistle through which the author of "Eric; or, Little by Little," blows a familiar tune.

"No," he said, 'Britannicus must die.' So Nero deliberately chose the evil and refused the good, and the narrow wicket-gate of repentance was closed behind him, and the enemies of his soul flung wide open before him the portals of crime; and the wild steeds of their passions, as they sprang forth on their down-hillward path, soon flung from his seat the charioteer who had seemed inclined for one brief instant to tighten the reins and check their headlong speed."

Again we groan, What is the good of being a scholar if it does not save you from the possibility of writing anything like that?

The style of the book, to do it justice, pleasantly reminds one of many things. At times it is of Dr. Blimber; then of the famous novel, so voluptuous and so soft, that Miss Nickleby read to Mrs. Wittiterley in Cadogan Place; and then—and these, perhaps, are the nicest parts—of a small boy writing home from school: "By the side of Otho lounged

another youth, whose name was Tullius Senecio." "And then another boy went in and made thirteen runs. His name is Thomas Smithson."

Details, of course, abound as if scattered from a classical castor. We read of dresses and dinners, of tongues of nightingales and brains of African flamingoes, and for every detail the author vouches an authority. "Otho set eighty different sorts of wine before his guests, besides other kinds of delicate drinks." We hope Otho's friends were able the next morning to bear testimony with Mrs. Gamp that the drinks, delicate and otherwise, were all good.

Mr. Goschen the other day, in his rectorial address, spoke slightly of our old friends, "Gallus" and "Charicles." He denied them imaginative power. Of course, in the Notes, which are by far the larger part of Becker's volumes, imagination has no place. Imagination in a note would exemplify Lord Palmerston's definition of dirt as matter out of place. Imaginative notes would never do—though dirty ones may be encountered in a course of classical reading. But Becker's stories, read by themselves, are by no means bad, and certainly "Charicles" is a glowing tale of love and passion by the side of Dr. Farrar's dreary and spun-out tale, to which we are glad to bid a long good-night.

EARLY HOME-RULERS IN IRELAND.

HISTORY OF THE IRISH CONFEDERATION AND THE WAR IN IRELAND.
Edited by John T. Gilbert. Dublin: Joseph Dalland. 1882—1891.

THE history of Ireland in the years intervening between the Ulster rising in 1641 and the landing of Cromwell in 1649 has an interest similar in kind to that which is beginning to attract Englishmen to the ideas and actions of the founders of the Commonwealth. In both cases the historical inquirer lights on suggestions perfectly familiar in the closing years of the nineteenth century, and in both cases the attempt to carry out those suggestions into practice was followed by failure—so utter that, except in the imperfect memory of a few students, they seemed to have perished from the earth. It is intelligible enough that at the present time, when the question how Ireland is to acquire an independent political life of her own without alienating the English nation is hastening to its solution, students of the past, like Mr. Gilbert, should aspire to teach us something of the attempts made in the seventeenth to anticipate the work of the nineteenth century.

Mr. Gilbert has done his work the more effectually as he makes no attempt to draw a moral. He publishes his documents, leaving them to speak for themselves, except with such explanation as is necessary to keep their inter-dependence before the minds of his readers. He starts with a work which he has himself rescued from oblivion—the history of the Confederation written by Richard Bellings, who, as member and secretary of the Supreme Council, was himself a sharer in the deeds which he describes; but the greater part of his seven volumes is taken up with hitherto unpublished letters and documents in which the various actors tell their own story in their own words. For diligent research and careful selection of material, Mr. Gilbert ranks amongst our best historical investigators.

Every reader of Mr. Gilbert's pages will be struck by the general resemblance of the political position and that which is before our eyes in the present day. Then, as now, there were two parties in Ireland—the one looking hopefully to an English political party, and expecting that with its help an Irish Parliament would make laws for Ireland in accordance with the wishes and ideas of Irishmen—the other mistrusting English promises, and holding that absolute independence of England could alone give Ireland the opportunity it required. The first party, gathering round the Supreme Council and the General Assembly at Kilkenny, came to terms with Ormond, the Lord-Lieutenant successively of Charles I. and Charles II.; the other took its orders from the

Papal Nuncio Rinaccini, and from a soldier trained in the Spanish service, Owen Roe O'Neill.

Neither party had, in reality, a chance of success. If Ireland had been more united than it was, she had not the material strength which would have enabled Owen Roe to contend on equal terms with Cromwell, whilst even if Charles I. had been the victor instead of being the vanquished in England, he would not have been allowed to carry into effect the terms which he had accepted from the Confederate Catholics. Between English Protestantism and the religion of Irishmen there was a great gulf fixed, and as long as Englishmen had reason to fear that a practically independent Ireland would intervene in arms in England on behalf of any English party, they could not afford to relax their grasp upon the weaker and less organised nation whose intervention they dreaded. Those who doubt the reality of this motive should read the last letter written by Ormond to the exiled Charles II., before his defeat by Michael Jones at Rathmines, in which he deliberately discussed the invasion of England by a victorious Irish army, after he had succeeded in reducing Dublin. Cromwell's conquest of Ireland was, in part at least, a defensive measure, and not merely, as it is usually held to be, one of pure aggression.

AN OLD SEA-DOG.

A MASTER MARINER: Being the Life and Adventures of Captain Robert William Eastwick. Edited by Herbert Compton. The Adventure Series. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1891.

CAPTAIN EASTWICK was a master mariner during the great war. The chance of his profession took him principally to Eastern seas: to India, China, the Malay Archipelago, and Sydney, where the colony was still young—and once to the Plate, at the time when General Whitelock did not take Buenos Ayres. Everywhere he lighted on some noteworthy adventure, remarkable experience, or strange acquaintance; and his autobiography, written after his retirement from the sea, and now found and edited by his grandson, is a capital addition to the Adventure Series. Adventures, the motto of the series tells us, are to the adventurous; and Captain Eastwick, being adventurous by nature, fell in with adventures at a very early age. When he was about seven years old, living with his mother at Edmonton, and accustomed to wander away in the country lanes by himself or with other children, he made the acquaintance of a horseman who used to come out from under the hedges so suddenly and quietly that he and his little companions called him the Grey Ghost. After awhile he missed him, and presently news came that a noted highwayman had been hanged on a gibbet not very far off. Little Robert made a journey to see it, and recognised the ghastly object as his friend the Grey Ghost.

"I went quite close to him and peeped into his face, which was hanging down in an awkward manner, and difficult to see. Sure enough it was the Grey Ghost, only his face was all livid, and his eyes protruded and his jaw was fallen, showing a set of grinning teeth and a piece of dry black tongue, giving him a horrible appearance. It was the first time I had looked upon Death, and a great quaking seized me. But presently I recovered a little, and even drew closer to him, and, impelled by some hideous prompting, I caught hold of one of his feet and gave him a jog, whereupon the body began to swing slowly to and fro in the air, and with the movement his head wagged with a curious sort of jerk, and his eyes appeared to open and shut, so that he seemed alive again. And now I desired to run away, but found myself unable to do so, being fixed fast there under the evil glance of his eyes, as he winked at me standing just beneath him, and grinned. After a little while I felt myself beginning to grin too, and then a fit of laughter seized me which I could not control, and I laughed and laughed back at him, yet without any meaning in my laughter, until I fell down from exhaustion. There I lay for some time, until I was recovered sufficiently to rise and go home, but without ever casting another glance at the grim spectre."

The result was a long and serious illness, from which, however, he happily recovered. The story is, no doubt, true in the main, and exactly as Captain Eastwick remembered it; but it was nearly sixty years afterwards, and fancy is apt to get confused with memory. We do not think it was the custom in 1780, or at any other time, to gibbet malefactors

so low down that a child of seven could touch their feet. The adventure was ghastly enough any way; but most probably the body swung in the wind.

Young Eastwick was little more than twelve when he went to sea, and a very rough time he had at the hands of the first mate, who, "to the brutality of an animal added the vulgarity of a Customs House officer," and took a special dislike to the boy because he was neatly dressed.

"Whenever his eyes fell upon me he saluted me with a volley of oaths, calling me all manner of names to indicate his contempt for what he called my 'proud-belliness,' which he vowed to break. I soon learnt that to wear a clean shirt was a sure passport to being sent up aloft with a grease bag round my neck to grease down one of the top-masts, and that each new article of apparel I put on at once set him discovering some filthy job to put me to."

In the depth of his misery he made friends with an old man-of-war's man, to whom he confided his troubles, telling him "how unjustly he was treated, and bullied and knocked about." To which the old salt, with a wisdom of fifty years at sea under Anson and Rodney, made reply—

"There is no justice or injustice on board ship, my lad. There are only two things: Duty and Mutiny; mind that. All that you are ordered to do is duty. All that you refuse to do is mutiny; and the punishment for mutiny on a king's frigate is the yard-arm; in the merchant service you only get rope's-ended. Lads have to learn: discipline is good for them."

And so this lad applied himself to learn, and did learn. At eighteen he was chief mate, and by the time he was twenty-one he was captain of a vessel in the Bay of Bengal. Of his voyages and adventures it is impossible to speak at length. They are told naturally and simply, and wherever it is possible to compare the narration with the pages of authenticated history, it stands the test as well as the history itself. The book is a very good and a very interesting book, and is worthy of better companions than some of its fellow volumes in the Adventure Series.

THREE-VOLUME NOVELS.

1. **THE WHITE COMPANY.** By A. Conan Doyle. London: Smith, Elder & Co. 1891.
2. **A BAFFLING QUEST.** By Richard Dowling. London: Ward & Downey. 1891.
3. **BEGUN IN JEST.** By Mrs. Newman. London: John Murray. 1891.

"THE White Company" is a story of the past. It deals with the feudal days, with monks and knights, battles and tournaments. The fascination of its pages is much the same fascination that everyone finds in "Ivanhoe." Those who would still uphold the romantic school of fiction may fairly point to "The White Company" as a fine instance of it—a book which teems with incident and adventure, and yet is never dull. Mr. Conan Doyle, forgetting that all the stories have been told, tells his story excellently. The White Company were, we fear, a set of the most audacious robbers, until Sir Nigel Loring led them to more soldierly work. On two occasions the Company had paid a little visit to that holy father, the Pope Urban. Here is the story as it is told, somewhat dryly, by an archer of the Company:

"The first time we had five thousand crowns out of him, though he made much ado about it. The second time we asked ten thousand, but it was three days before we could come to terms, and I am of opinion myself that we might have done better by plundering the palace. His chamberlain and cardinals came forth, as I remember, to ask whether we would take seven thousand crowns with his blessing and a plenary absolution, or the ten thousand with his solemn ban by bell, book, and candle. We were all of one mind that it was best to have the ten thousand with the curse; but in some way they prevailed upon Sir John, so that we were blessed and shiven against our will. Perchance it is as well, for the Company were in need of it about that time."

Alleyne Edricson, the hero of the story, is a fine character. He combined in himself the best qualities of cloister and camp—the piety and education of the one, and the spirit and courage of the other. Equally admirable and somewhat amusing is Sir Nigel Loring, whose squire the hero becomes. Sir Nigel was bald-headed, short-sighted, and not war-like in appearance; but in spirit and prowess he was

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a warrior indeed. He was exceedingly chivalrous; he desired nothing better than to find some gentleman of quarterings and coat-armour and exchange thrusts with him, to relieve him of a vow, or for the exaltation of his lady. There are a pleasant humour and a sense of character in this romantic book which make it delightful reading.

And yet those who believe the stories are all told will possibly have something to say. There will be places where they will think of Sir Walter Scott, and other places where they will point to G. P. R. James. When at the conclusion of a tournament a stranger knight arrives, a mysterious person who refuses his name and tilts to perfection, they may think that they know what suggested the incident. But, in truth, a blind devotion to any school does not seem very critical; it is perhaps inevitable that in a story of this kind there should be traces of influence. "The White Company" is a fine and stirring romance. The colour of the age which it portrays seems to be well reproduced. If its characters are active, they are also alive. Its interest is strong, healthy, and continuous. It would be an admirable book to give to a boy, and is also a book which any man may read with pleasure. It is the best work, we think, that we have yet had from its author.

The title of "A Baffling Quest" may possibly prejudice some novel-readers against the book. This would be a pity for the novel-readers, for we have in these three volumes no commonplace detective story. The book has a mystery and a solution in it; its plot is ingenious in the extreme. But it stands on a higher level than those exercises in ingenuity attain which would live by plot and mystery alone. Mr. Dowling has taken the idea on which his story is founded from circumstances which actually occurred. The body of Sir Andrew Brinfield, while awaiting burial, disappears. This novel gives us the search that was made for it. It is a novel which many people will be unable to relinquish for an instant until they have finished it; a man who begins it in the evening will probably, if his nerves are strong enough, sit up the greater part of the night with it. Its interest, like that of "The Moonstone" or "Armadale," is really entralling. The detective story, as a rule, produces only irritation by a stupid puzzle; but Mr. Dowling is too clever to allow his puzzle to become irritating. The story is weird and ghastly enough; yet the effect is gained, not by stringing together a number of gruesome incidents, but by a touch here and there. The author understands horror; he knows that a suggestion is often more potent than a plain statement in the production of horror; he always leaves something to the imagination of the reader. A book which deals with a mystery and a solution must, almost unavoidably, have its weakest part in its climax. That is the case with "A Baffling Quest." In some ways the book is slightly conventional; its representation of character has some verisimilitude, but the analysis is not masterly. But unquestionably it shows more power and finer quality than most books of its kind. Its aims are not of the highest, but at least it attains them.

"Begun in Jest" is the story of a girl who determines to go out as a governess. She has money of her own and is under no necessity to earn her own living, but there are many motives which lead her to adopt the career. She is tired of society; she suffers slightly from pique; and she is also influenced by the motive upon which almost every novel turns. Her experiences in the first household which she enters are brief but amusing. It is a strict and austere household. In her second situation the complications commence which eke out the three volumes. They are rather ordinary complications, and some of them seem slightly improbable. The main idea of the story is by no means a bad one, and it is told pleasantly. But there is no very marked quality in the book; it resembles many novels which are produced and forgotten every year, and can hardly claim to rank above the average.

THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS.

THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS: A Historical, Geographical, Ethnographical, Social, and Commercial Sketch of the Philippine Archipelago and its Political Dependencies. By John Foreman. London: Sampson Low & Co.

UNLIKE its little neighbour, Portugal, Spain does not make much fuss about its colonies. The last occasion in which she came prominently before the world as a Colonial Power was when Germany, in her thirst for the creation of a "Great Colonial Empire," threatened to lay hands on the Caroline Islands, and actually did annex the Marshall group. To both these archipelagoes Spain had very sound historical claims, though her occupation was as about as effective as that of Portugal to the interior of Africa. The Philippine Islands and Cuba are nearly all that now remain of a colonial empire at one time vaster even than our own. The Philippines were treated as a mere appendage of Mexico until the latter achieved its independence, and now they still go on much in the same condition as they were in the palmy days of Spanish rule. There is a vast deal of literature in the Philippines in Spanish, one or two good books in French, but few in English. One of the best is the translation of Dr. Jagor's book. But about the interior of the islands our knowledge is even more scanty than it is about the interior of Africa. The ethnography of the islands is of the highest interest, but in spite of Blumenthal's writings, we have still to collect data for an adequate study. The islands have been a sort of meeting-place of various currents of migration, and the consequence is we find a great variety among what may be called the aboriginal population. For the study of the islands themselves and their inhabitants, the Spaniards have done as little as they have for the development of the colony's resources. It is true now, as it has been in the past, that their power does not extend beyond their forts or the range of their soldiers' guns. They are in precisely the same position in the Philippines as the Portuguese have for so long been in Mozambique. Mr. Foreman has lived many years in the Philippines, and as he is an intelligent and observant man, he could not but have much to tell that will be new to the English reader at least. Mr. Foreman's book, like the Scotch haggis, is "fine confused feeding." He has hit the art of telling a consecutive story. Much of the "poetry" which he chronicles is very small beer; but that can be skipped. There is much else in his book that cannot but interest. He affords a lovely idea of the lazy life and precarious position of the Spaniards upon the islands. The "Church" is almost as potent and all-pervading as it was in the palmy days of the Inquisition. Outside Manilla brigandage is everywhere. The governor of the colony is in a hopeless muddle. Except in cigars, the trade is insignificant. Mr. Foreman has travelled about a great deal, and has seen much both of natives and of Spaniards. He is thus familiar with the various aspects of the life of the islands, and the pictures he gives are instructive and often highly entertaining. Still, the picture is a somewhat sad one. In the Philippines we have a survival of the Middle Ages, just as in Central Africa we have a very substantial survival of primitive savagery. The race is not advancing abreast. The Spaniards should take warning by the Portuguese. The Philippines are a highly fertile archipelago, and could be made much of. They will soon be wanted for the general uses of humanity, and if Spain cannot manage them, she will have to resign her place to some more enterprising nationality. As a change from "Darkest Africa," we heartily recommend Mr. Foreman's volume.

LOGIC.

A MANUAL OF LOGIC. By J. Welton. University Correspondence College. Tutorial Series. Vol. I. London: Clive & Co. 1891. So long as we persist in the insane habit of testing the proficiency of students by requiring them to write in a few hours answers to questions which cannot considerably vary in character, it is vain to complain of books which are avowedly written to help the candidates to produce the required information. Mr. J. Welton's "Manual of Logic," which appears under the auspices of the University Correspondence College, is extremely well adapted for its purpose. It takes the place of the teacher by distinguishing the less from the more important matter; it supplies so much explanation that the candidate can hardly be at a loss. In fact, the chief complaint to be made against it from the educational point of view is that it enters into such minute detail that nothing whatever is left for the student to do; hence the enormous prolixity of the work. The first volume, which is confined to deductive logic, extends to over 500 pages. Hence, too, the full marginal analysis provided for the student, who should decidedly make his notes of a book for himself. But apart from this, we must add that as a handbook it is a good work; it is written clearly, and with good sense. There is nothing in it which might not be derived from other accepted handbooks, but it brings together much information and discussion from many sources, and treats it competently and with fairness. Used by a student to help himself when reading one of the great works on logic, it would be very useful indeed. As it is, it will probably be used to dispense with the necessity of reading anything else. This is an undesirable result, but still the student will be under good guidance.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS.*

THE bond that unites us to our Asiatic fellow-subjects, declares with truth the author of "A Month in a Dandi," is not one that we or they desire to sever; and, for that very reason, English readers ought surely to welcome any honest side-lights, however slight, on the actual condition of affairs in India. Miss Bremner's book describes a woman's wanderings in Northern India, and it is written from adequate knowledge, and with shrewd discernment and a pleasing amount of vivacity. There are some plain truths in the volume, and probably not a few Anglo-Indians will dislike such a record, especially as it fails to treat with the usual degree of reverence their noble selves. Miss Bremner pays rather a left-handed compliment to her own countrywomen when she declares that the presence of English ladies in India has helped to widen perceptibly the breach between the governors and the governed. In the first half of the century, when deputy-commissioners, agents, and collectors led a lonely life and scarcely visited England once in twenty years, they were almost compelled to cultivate the natives, and were of necessity thrown much in their society. Sometimes these solitary representatives of British dominion confessed that their isolation led them to think in the native language and to look at most things from the native standpoint. Now, however, communication between England and India is swift and regular, and there certainly is a danger lest sympathy between the two races should decline. The vast majority of Englishmen in India do not trouble themselves to acquire the native speech and even officials in the service are not "unfrequently hurried from one district to another, and even one province to another, where what they have acquired in Guzerati or Hindi has to be pushed on one side for Tamil, Punjabi, or Urdu. Far too many English ladies in India magnify trifles to an absurd extent in their intercourse with the natives, and this of itself checks good feeling and arrests progress." Miss Bremner is of opinion that the changes which England has introduced in India in the relations of labour and capital can only be described as disastrous. "Ever since our connection with India we have simply poured our machine-made goods into her ports to the utter disorganisation of native manufactures." The natives have, in fact, found out by bitter experience that in order to compete with their rulers, even in calico-weaving, it is necessary to turn their attention to the facilities offered by steam. Tall factory chimneys are beginning to appear in many parts of Bombay, and in ten years Indian mills have doubled the production of cotton cloth. The Congress movement, though it evoked antipathy and misgivings by many Anglo-Indians, is one which seeks to fuse together the various races of India into a national unity; to bring about reforms in the land, income, and salt-taxes; and to secure a representative element in the government of the country. "If these things are granted," said a Maharajah of Northern India, "the British Government of India will last for ever."

The University Extension movement is responsible for the existence of a large number of brief, practical manuals dealing with various departments of knowledge. It is impossible in some instances to say anything in praise of these attempts to provide condensed intellectual pabulum, for too often they consist of an indigestible array of hard facts and dry statistics. It is possible, however, to say a good word for the little volume on "The French Revolution," which Mr. Symes, principal of University College, Nottingham, has just written for the benefit of young students. At this time of day it is a supremely difficult task for any man to deal with that great epoch in the history of France and of the world in a calm and rational manner, for about nothing in this world has more nonsense been written than the Reign of Terror and the fall of the Girondists. Mr. Symes has freed his mind of cant concerning the subject, and fortunately for himself, especially in such a connection, he has no failings in the direction of pictorial exaggeration or rhetorical exuberance. He does not regard the French Revolution merely as a succession of thrilling and dramatic episodes, or as an attempt to realise at all hazards certain ideals, or as the collapse of mediævalism; he seeks rather to present in bold outline a comprehensive view of the whole situation, and one in which all these lesser aspects fall into their proper places. The influence of Carlyle can easily be traced in this volume, but, unlike Carlyle, Mr. Symes does not ignore the industrial and

* *A Month in a Dandi: A Woman's Wanderings in Northern India.* By Christina S. Bremner. The Hull Press; and London: Simpkin, Marshall & Co. Demy 8vo.

The French Revolution. By J. E. Symes, M.A. With Map. University Extension Series. London: Methuen & Co. Crown 8vo. (2s. 6d.)

The Customs and Lore of Modern Greece. By Rennell Rodd, Author of "Frederick, Crown Prince and Emperor," etc. Illustrated. London: David Stott. Demy 8vo.

The Gate Beautiful, and Other Bible Teachings for the Young. By Hugh Macmillan, D.D., LL.D. London and New York: Macmillan & Co. Crown 8vo. (3s. 6d.)

Aunt Charlotte's Stories of English History. By Charlotte M. Yonge. Illustrated. New and Revised Edition. London: Marcus Ward. Crown 8vo.

Aunt Charlotte's Stories of Bible History. By Charlotte M. Yonge. Sixteenth Thousand. London: Marcus Ward, Crown 8vo.

economic significance of the Revolution. The book is provided with a coloured map, a short but representative list of works of reference, and a capital tabular summary. Altogether it is one of the best volumes of the kind which we have recently encountered.

"The Customs and Lore of Modern Greece" have supplied Mr. Rennell Rodd with a congenial theme, and in a volume of less than three hundred pages he contrives to give an extremely interesting account of a two years' sojourn amongst the Greek peasantry. The short space of time which is all that the majority of English travellers can afford to spend in Greece is naturally devoted by ninety-nine out of a hundred of them in realising scenes rendered immortal by ancient history and heroic achievement. The traveller bears away with him recollections of stately and impressive memorials of former splendour, and these monuments are framed, so to speak, in his memory by recollections of the loveliness of sky and sea. Strangers who linger, for instance, in and around Athens are likely to form false impressions of Modern Greece, for it is impossible for anyone to understand the abiding characteristics of the race from a few sweeping generalisations made in the capital, fortified, perhaps, by the very one-sided "lore" of hotel-porter or courier. The charm of this book consists in the fact that it is the work of a classical scholar imbued with a due reverence for the past and endowed with enough imagination to recall the ancient life of the Greeks. Thus equipped, Mr. Rodd has visited many solitary islands and many sequestered valleys, and made himself acquainted with the strange traditions and primitive customs of the country folk, whom he rightly terms the fibre and heart of the nation. He tells us that amongst the dwellers of the upland pastures of Greece—whose lives contrast so vividly with the restless activity of the commercial Greek, with whom the modern world is more familiar—there is an old-world attitude of thought and a refreshing simplicity of life which is curiously far removed from the spirit of the age:—"Many a change has overshadowed the people since twilight settled on their story, and men with strange tongues and iron hands have wrought their will in the land, while still they turned the soil, and pressed the grape, and gathered in the olive. They know that now a new life has sprung up in their midst; they can even feel its pulse and throb; and many of them are drawn over the mountains to take their part in the changed order. But others and the elders remain, living out their simple, uneventful lives, and the wrangle of voices over matters that are too hard for them concerns them little." The book gives quite an unconventional view of the Greek peasantry, and is marked by considerable literary charm.

One of the wise sayings of the Talmud, Dr. Macmillan reminds us, is to the effect that Jerusalem was destroyed because the teaching of the young was neglected, since the "world is saved by the breath of the school-children." It certainly cannot be said that the teaching of the young is neglected in the present age; indeed, a multitude of books intended for their special benefit has come into existence in recent years, and the pulpit, as well as the press, has everywhere begun to consider the children. This latter fact is responsible for Dr. Macmillan's present volume, "The Gate Beautiful," a collection of nearly thirty addresses delivered in his own church at Greenock to the young people of the congregation. They are not, strictly speaking, children's sermons, but rather genial talks on religious topics of a kind which are likely to prove eminently helpful to boys and girls who have entered their teens, and who have thus reached the formative period of life. Readers of "Bible Teachings in Nature" will not need to be told that there is little that is conventional in this volume. These addresses are, in fact, models of their kind—wise, reverent, and not less imaginative than practical; they abound in choice and apposite anecdotes and illustrations, and possess distinct literary merit. We hope the book will rapidly find its way into thousands of homes where the wisdom that is profitable to direct is prized.

We have received, in two volumes, "Stories of English History" and "Stories of Bible History," by Charlotte M. Yonge, and when we add that the one is in its twenty-fourth thousand and the other in its sixteenth thousand, it is hardly necessary to say more than that they deserve the success which they have won.

NOTICE.

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THE SPEAKER

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 19, 1891.

NOTICE.

In view of the Christmas Holidays, THE SPEAKER will be published on THURSDAY MORNING NEXT, DECEMBER 24th.

PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN has been in Edinburgh during the week, and has delivered a series of speeches to the Tories and Liberal Unionists of the Scotch capital. With the best will in the world to do so, we have to confess that we have failed to find anything in these addresses deserving of comment. The case would, perhaps, have been different if they had been delivered by the leader of a party; for then we might have found even in the crudities and commonplaces of the speaker the indications of a policy. But MR. CHAMBERLAIN's sneers and diatribes and prophecies only represent the opinions and the moods of MR. CHAMBERLAIN himself; and there is really no need to dwell further on the fact that this clever gentleman detests MR. GLADSTONE and MR. SCHNADHORST, admires MR. JESSE COLLINGS, and believes, curiously enough, that he himself has never erred in his judgment upon public affairs, however difficult it may be to reconcile his present utterances with his past. MR. CHAMBERLAIN has gone to Edinburgh avowedly to put heart into the Liberal Unionist party. He is hardly likely to succeed where the *Scotsman* has failed so signally.

THE situation at Waterford has entered upon a new phase since we last wrote. MR. MICHAEL DAVITT, who, whilst strenuously opposed to the attempt of MR. PARRELL to subordinate the interests of his country to his personal needs and ambition, has throughout recent events been the consistent advocate of a policy of conciliation towards the Parnellite party, went to Waterford last Sunday for the purpose of addressing the electors and of endeavouring to bring about a truce between the two branches of the Irish party. He was subjected on the part of some young ruffians of the Parnellite section to the most brutal violence, and it became evident that in Waterford, at all events, there was no prospect of a reconciliation of Nationalists and Parnellites during the present contest. In these circumstances MR. DAVITT, who had hitherto steadfastly refused to become a candidate for Parliament, agreed to stand in the Nationalist interest for Waterford. There can be little doubt that he will be elected, and we congratulate both the Irish people and the House of Commons upon the fact. Though MR. DAVITT holds some views with which we cannot sympathise, his frankness, honesty, and moderation of speech mark him out as a man who can render most valuable service in the discussion of Irish affairs in the House of Commons. The one error of his youth has long since been fully atoned for, and there is no good man who will despise or disparage him because of the bitter experiences through which he passed as the penalty of a mistaken and too ardent devotion to the cause of his country.

MORE information is desirable as to the causes of the little war with the Hunzas and Nagars now in progress in the extreme north-west of Kashmir.

The official version—supplemented by an interesting letter in Wednesday's *Times* from a member of the expedition now in winter quarters at Gilgit—is that the tribes in question are brigands addicted to making raids on the peaceful subjects of the MAHARAJAH OF KASHMIR, and to selling their captives into slavery; that the troops of that potentate cannot deal with them; and that Russian designs on the Pamir have made it advisable to construct a regular road into their country, to which they naturally object. All this is probable enough, and their Russian proclivities are doubtless due to the expectation that that Power will interfere with their habits less than our Indian Government would. One would like to be sure, however, that the principal motive of the expedition is the good of Kashmir, and not the bogey of Russian aggression.

THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE is now lying in a state of great prostration at his seat in the North of England, and the medical bulletins declare that all hope of his recovery has been abandoned. Life has, in fact, already practically ceased. We discuss elsewhere the important political consequences which must follow from his death, and the removal of LORD HARTINGTON to the House of Lords. Here we may pay a well-earned tribute to the Duke's character. He has always held his vast wealth as a trust rather than as a possession, and in his capacity as a landlord and a great capitalist has set an example to every member of his order. Whilst his estates, both in England and Ireland, have been models of good management, the Duke has not been one of those great noblemen who look with contempt upon anything savouring of trade, and the vast industrial enterprises in which he has taken a leading part have not only added to his own wealth, but have been of real benefit to the community at large. Nor ought we to forget, when speaking of the man who is now passing away, that he was called upon to submit to the greatest of sacrifices for the sake of his country, and that the chief sorrow of his life was the murder of his son in the Phoenix Park.

THE Liberal cause in Canada will receive an unexpected, and not altogether a desirable, stimulus from the fresh phase of the crisis in Quebec. The Commission of three judges recently appointed to investigate the Chaleur Bay Railway subsidy scandal has just reported, after a division on strictly party lines, adversely to the Provincial Ministry. Accordingly, the Lieutenant-Governor of Quebec has dismissed M. MERCIER'S Cabinet and sent for the Conservative leader. Now, the power of dismissing a Ministry enjoying the confidence of Parliament—which M. MERCIER'S certainly does—is practically in abeyance in most constitutional countries. It would hardly be advisable to deny that it exists in reserve, to be exercised at some great crisis, in the interest of the electorate. But the most conspicuous recent instance of its use in Europe is by MARSHAL MACMAHON in 1877; and that is hardly a precedent to be cited with approval by Liberals. Still, it seems from the LETELLIER controversy of 1878, that the power does exist in Canada, both in the Governor-General and in the Lieutenant-Governors of the Provinces, though M. LETELLIER'S use of the power was—thanks to SIR JOHN MACDONALD—disastrous to himself in this case, however,

there is little doubt that M. MERCIER enjoys the confidence not only of the Quebec Legislature, but of the electorate, and more especially of the priesthood. The "policy of Government appropriations," even when they are obtained by corrupt means, has charms for the Eastern Provinces of the Dominion no less than for the Western. The effect on the existing Federal Ministry will probably be to hasten its dissolution. As to a possible cry for separation in Quebec, it may be parenthetically remarked that the United States would not have that Province as a gift, for the same reason that it will not admit New Mexico as a State—the position of the Roman Catholic Church.

MR. CHARLES BOOTH'S important paper on the causes of pauperism, read at the Statistical Society on Tuesday evening, brings out two or three noticeable results. Drink, it seems, though of course an important contributory cause of pauperism, is not a principal cause to nearly the extent usually supposed—20 per cent. is the highest number of cases primarily traceable to it according to MR. BOOTH'S figures. Old age is responsible for about two-fifths of the pauperism of the country; and such pauperism can only be met by a general pension fund, raised by taxation, to the amount of seventeen pounds in every thousand of the national income. Under the scheme suggested, but not altogether approved by MR. BOOTH, everyone would be entitled to 5s. a week after the age of 65; should he, nevertheless, become chargeable to the parish, his pension would, of course, pass to the guardians. An obvious difficulty, both of this and of MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S scheme—that it involves, of necessity, direct taxation of the classes least amenable to that process—seems hardly to be receiving sufficient attention. No doubt the most vigorous opposition to the scheme would come from the richest classes, who are ready enough to give freely, if rather capriciously, but who do not care to be charitable on compulsion. At any rate, the modest provision of five shillings a week after the age of sixty-five can hardly be regarded as a serious discouragement to thrift.

THE Corporation of Eastbourne seem determined to render their position more and more untenable. They have just forbidden all open-air meetings on Sundays, and so have brought down on themselves the hostility of most of the Nonconformists, and probably of a large section of the Church of England too. A meeting of the Privileges Committee of the Wesleyan body—the only Nonconformist body, by the way, which is to any extent Conservative in politics—is to be held on Monday to discuss the question of resistance. The secretary, at any rate, does not seem at all inclined to comply. Last Sunday the police broke up a Salvationist meeting with considerable and quite unjustifiable violence, though the mob, it is alleged, were allowed to assault the Salvationists as they pleased. The Solicitor-General, in a letter to MR. ADDISON, Q.C., has wisely spoken out against the local Act as an unjustifiable interference with the right of public meeting, and has suggested that the ends aimed at could have been attained equally well by a by-law on street processions under the Municipal Corporations Act. In spite of the legal pedantry of the Corporation and their supporters, common sense recognises a very wide difference between the ordinary law and a clause in a local Act—passed, it seems, by a majority of one in a committee of three, and never seriously considered by Parliament at all: especially as similar Acts have caused similar disturbances elsewhere, and have been repealed in consequence. In America the question of the constitutionality of the clause would be decided in the calm atmosphere of the Supreme Court of the United States. But exceptional legislation for any part of this United Kingdom can only be effectively criticised by breaking it as often and as noisily as possible.

UNFORTUNATELY, perhaps, for family sentiment, but most fortunately for the tenants of the Saverne estate, the Court of Appeal has reversed MR. JUSTICE STIRLING'S decision in the case of LORD AILESBOURY'S estate, and sanctioned the proposed sale to LORD IVEAGH for £750,000. The net income of the estate seems to be only a fractional percentage on this capital. The decision keeps up an historic estate by placing it in more careful hands than those of its eccentric owner, and saves it from probable ruin at the hands of the mortgagee. We commented at the time on the unhappy fate awaiting the tenants under the decision which MR. JUSTICE STIRLING felt himself compelled to give. It is just as well that the members of historic families should be reminded that they must suffer severely for the consequences of the acts of incompetent heads of their family.

THE Stock Markets have been very steady throughout the week, but there has been little business doing. The great bankers in Paris have been able to put up prices once more. The greatest rise has been in Spanish bonds, as it is now said that the new loan for ten millions sterling nominal will be unquestionably successful. Portuguese bonds have also recovered somewhat, as it is believed that the Government either has secured or is in a fair way of securing money enough to pay the interest due in January. The new convention between Italy and the other central European States has improved Italian bonds; and, generally speaking, the foreign market has been well maintained. On the other hand, with the exception of Brazilian securities, there has been a decline in South American, especially Argentine. The market for American railroad securities is slightly higher than last week. Very little indeed has been doing in London, but the great capitalists of New York have been buying largely. The chief changes have been in dividend-paying shares, the expectation being very general that the dividends shortly to be declared will be very much larger than they have been for years past. In the non-dividend-paying shares there is not much change.

CONTRARY to general expectation, the directors of the Bank of England made no change in their rate of discount this week. They hold now in gold nearly 24½ millions, and their reserve is not far short of 15½ millions. The foreign demand for gold, too, has fallen off, and usually the money markets all over the world become very easy in the first half of a new year. It was, therefore, very generally thought that the rate would be put down on Thursday; but the directors decided upon not doing so, and no doubt they had reasons for the decision. There is much grumbling, nevertheless, amongst bankers, who, however, need not be sympathised with by the general public, for they habitually refuse to support the Bank of England in protecting its reserve, and care nothing for the public interest so long as they can make large profits for themselves. The bill brokers and discount houses, although the Bank rate was maintained, reduced the rates they allow on deposits to 1½ per cent. for money at call and 1¾ per cent. for money at notice. In the open market the rate of discount has fallen very nearly to 1½ per cent., and there will be a further very considerable decline next month unless something entirely unforeseen happens. In the silver market there was an attempt early in the week to put up the price, and confident predictions were circulated that a very considerable advance would take place early in the new year. But although the price rose to 44d. per oz., it fell again on Wednesday to 43½d. per oz., and the chance of a very considerable recovery does not seem great, though, of course, speculators may carry up the price for a while.

A SEASONABLE SURVEY.

NO Liberal can look back on the year that is now drawing to a close with any feeling but one of satisfaction. Still more marked must be the satisfaction caused by a review of the history of our party during the last two years. At the beginning of 1889, when the first number of *THE SPEAKER* was published, the Tory Government still enjoyed an apparently undiminished strength; Ireland was still lying in the grasp of a cruel and unconstitutional despotism, and those who in this country were pleading for her, still found themselves treated as the pariahs of the social and political worlds. How greatly things have changed since then is known to everybody. The present year closes amid unmistakable portents of victory for the Liberal party and its Irish policy, whenever the men now in power venture to submit themselves to the judgment of the country. In Ireland the rule of the removable magistrate has been distinctly mitigated, and even in London clubs and drawing-rooms a Liberal is no longer regarded as a traitor and an outcast. The prolonged fight which has been waged throughout the country ever since the beginning of 1886 is drawing to a close, and no man, even in the ranks of the Ministerialists, pretends to be in doubt as to the issue. And yet how many things have happened which might well have destroyed the hopes of the Liberal party! There was a time when the very stars in their courses seemed to be fighting on the side of the enemies of freedom. Twelve months ago the friends of Ireland were reeling under the heaviest blow they had ever received. There were men even in their own ranks who had lost faith, whilst their opponents were openly triumphant. To those who, amid all the vicissitudes of fortune, clung to the belief that a righteous cause could not perish, there has now come the happiest and most complete justification of their confidence. Under a leader who has never wavered, and who has borne the burden of successive disappointments and reverses with that youthful elasticity of spirit which is the wonder and admiration of his fellow-countrymen, the Home Rule cause is now advancing to a near and a certain victory. The blow of twelve months ago has been forgotten; the fears and hesitations which it produced even on our own side have passed away, and Mr. Gladstone and his followers in England and Ireland now face the future with calmness and confidence, in the full assurance that the heaviest part of their task has been accomplished, and that the spoils of victory will soon be theirs.

Is it not worth while for our opponents to ask themselves how this great triumph has been gained against almost overwhelming odds? A few years ago there was not a Tory paper in London, or a Tory politician in the House of Commons or the clubs, who did not scoff at the notion that Home Rule could ever again be made the cry of a party at a General Election. Mr. Gladstone himself was described as a politician whose power had passed away; his followers were "items" of whom it was unnecessary to take serious notice, whilst Home Rule was an exploded conspiracy against the honour and the unity of the Empire. How comes it that to-day the most hardened of Tories has to blush when these insolent vapourings of a few years back are recalled to his memory? How comes it that Ministers when they now address a meeting of their supporters openly admit that defeat is hanging over them, and try to cheer their broken followers by pointing out to them the difficulties with which Mr. Gladstone and his party will have to contend after their victory has been secured? No doubt the first man to whom credit must be given is Mr. Gladstone

himself. He never wavered or lost heart or hope when things were at their darkest; and amid the jibes of critics wholly unable to appreciate either the greatness of his character or his unfailing courage, steadfastly pursued his way towards the end to the attainment of which he had consecrated the remainder of his days. But splendid as Mr. Gladstone's leadership and generalship during the past six years have been (and only posterity will be able to do full justice to them) it has not been by his personal efforts alone that the Home Rule cause has been brought to its present position. The real secret of the triumph is to be found in the character of the cause itself. It is no mere struggle for office in which the Liberals of England have been engaged since 1886; nor has it been a contest in which mere questions of political expediency have been involved. Home Rule could never, even under Mr. Gladstone's wonderful leadership, have survived all the blows which it has received in the past six years, if it had not secured for itself a firm hold upon the hearts and the consciences of its supporters. It is because the Liberals of England believe that in advocating a policy of conciliation to Ireland they are pursuing a course which is morally right as well as politically expedient, that they have been able to keep their cause alive in spite of all the odds arrayed against it. Hardly ever before in the history of England has so prolonged a battle been fought with such resolute determination on both sides; and it is certain that, if the advocates of Home Rule had not been inspired by the conviction of the complete righteousness of the cause they had adopted as their own, they would long ago have fallen back before the heavy odds they had to face. As it is, with the noble example of their veteran leader before them, they have pursued their course with unwavering footsteps until the present moment, when they stand upon the threshold of their final triumph.

It is no small gratification to those who have taken any part, however modest, in the struggle for Home Rule, to see the progress it has made in the years of which we have spoken. For our part we can only claim to have served in the rank and file of the Liberal army, but it is pleasant to be conscious of the fact that the service thus rendered has not been wholly rendered in vain. Nor is it only in this paramount matter of Home Rule that the Liberal party has grown wonderfully in strength, unity, and directness of purpose during recent years. Two years ago not a little alarm was felt in Liberal circles, and especially in what we may call the official circles, at the manner in which some of the advocates of social reform were pressing their proposals upon the public. It seemed not impossible that in striving to grasp a shadow the working men of Great Britain might lose the substance; that in seeking to carry out a complete scheme of social reorganisation they might leave the government of their country, and the control of its social as well as political affairs, for years to come in the hands of those to whom no reform naturally commends itself. That danger is now passing away. A better understanding is springing up between what may be described as the social and the political wings of the Liberal party. Even the most ardent of the social reformers are beginning to see that a wise caution in the examination or acceptance of new and startling proposals is not identical with secret hostility, and that a man may sympathise as truly as they themselves do with the wants of the workers among us, even though he resolutely declines to give his support to proposals of the wisdom or justice of which he is not convinced. We have striven earnestly during the past two years to aid in bringing about this result. In the pages of

THE SPEAKER we have sought to provide a common meeting-ground for the most ardent members of the Fabian Society and those influential Liberals whom they have been wrongly inclined to regard as their enemies. The result of the experiment has been eminently satisfactory. It is true that there are still points of difference between the two wings of the party, but the leading members on both sides have found how much there is in common in their views, and have at the same time, we trust, learned mutually to respect the ardour by which each side is distinguished. At all events for the present, the fear of a schism in our ranks, by which the unity which prevails on other questions would be more than neutralised, is at an end, and we know that the Liberal victory of 1892 will not be jeopardised by independent or hostile action on the part of those whose Liberal enthusiasm is directed more towards social than political reforms.

Within these two years one great branch of legislative work has been thoroughly explored, and a decisive policy regarding it adopted by the Liberal party. For the crude "Three acres and a cow" programme of 1885 has been substituted the great movement for the enfranchisement of the villagers, which has from the first been advocated in these pages. There are people who pretend to see in the Rural Conference of last week, and in the adoption by our Liberal leaders of a clear and comprehensive policy on the questions submitted to that Conference, nothing more than a clever electioneering trick on the part of Mr. Schnadhorst and his colleagues. One need hardly waste time in discussing an hypothesis so foolish; it will suffice to say that in their new departure regarding the villages the Liberals of this country are closely following the precedents they themselves set in their dealings with the question of our town populations and of the right of urban communities to manage their own affairs. They are, in short, merely applying Liberal principles to the problems of village life, now that those problems are becoming ripe for solution.

Other tasks besides those at which we have glanced demand the attention of our leaders whenever the opportunity for dealing with them arises. Prominent among them is that question of Licensing Reform, with regard to which Dr. Spence Watson, we are glad to see, suggested a scheme last week in many respects identical with that which we have repeatedly advocated in *THE SPEAKER*. But it is needless at present to discuss these matters, important though they are. Our purpose has been to attempt a brief survey of the advances made by our party during the past two years, and to congratulate it not only upon the position which it now holds, but upon the prospect which lies before it.

LORD HARTINGTON.

ALTHOUGH at the moment at which we write the Duke of Devonshire still lives, there seems, unhappily, no reason to doubt that his end is imminent, and that we are about to lose a man who had worthily played a part which, if it cannot be called great, was at least most useful and influential. Distinguished in early life by his studiousness and his anxious desire to acquire the best culture of the time, the Duke, since his accession to the title and the family estates, has been principally known as a model landlord, whose chief desire it was worthily to discharge the great trust committed to him. When we remember how other men of his high station have succumbed to the many temptations which wealth and social position bring in their train, we cannot but feel that a tribute of general respect is due to the Duke. But, after all, it is not the

death of the Duke of Devonshire, so much as the removal of Lord Hartington from the House of Commons which will move the public mind. There can be no doubt that the latter event will be one which must have serious consequences for the political party with which Lord Hartington has lately been associated. He is the real source of strength, the true leader of the Unionist party. And by the Unionist party we do not mean to refer to the Liberal Unionists alone. Without Lord Hartington, the coalition which has been in existence for the past five years would have possessed comparatively little political importance. With him, thanks chiefly to the great hold which he gained upon the public respect when he acted as the lieutenant of Mr. Gladstone, that coalition has been a substantial fact, and has made a deep impression upon our national history. No doubt it will still continue to exist, though the Marquis of Hartington we have known so long is henceforth to be merged in a new Duke of Devonshire. But in the House of Commons, at all events, it will be something very different in the future from what it has been in the past. There is no man in the Tory party, and certainly no man among the Liberal Unionists, who enjoys the respect of all politicians to anything like the degree in which it is enjoyed by Lord Hartington. The Tories, or at all events a majority of them, believe profoundly in Mr. Balfour; but it is notorious that the faith of the Liberal Unionists in the First Lord of the Treasury is by no means great. Mr. Goschen might at one time have enjoyed something of the influence in both sections of the coalition which was exercised by Lord Hartington; but Mr. Goschen has failed lamentably in the attempt to win the confidence of his new political allies, and whatever the future may have in store for him, it will certainly not see his establishment in the position of the leader of the party.

As for the Liberal Unionists who will be left in the House of Commons when Lord Hartington has been removed, it is hardly necessary to say that there is not a single man amongst them who can boast of a tithe of the influence which he possessed. Sir Henry James is an agreeable speaker, a sound lawyer, a courteous opponent, and a man of wide and generous sympathies; but even if all other things were equal, he lacks altogether that moral force which was the chief advantage enjoyed by Lord Hartington as a political leader. Of Mr. Chamberlain it is hardly necessary to speak, for nothing is more certain than the fact that he is as much distrusted by his own side as he is disliked by the other. The one qualification he possesses is his adroitness in debate, a qualification which he shares with a score of men whom no one would for a moment dream of promoting to the leadership of a party. It is evident, therefore, that for the remainder of the existence of the present Parliament the Liberal Unionists, deprived of the one man around whom all sections of their party could rally, will find themselves in woful case. Two or three years ago this fact would have had real political importance; at the present moment, with a moribund Parliament, and a majority which has already lost its force and now only awaits the hour of dissolution, it is a matter of small consequence.

Already we have heard various predictions as to the future of Lord Hartington in the House of Lords. Some writers seem to think that his accession to the dukedom will hardly interfere with his course of political activity, and that in the future he will be found just as frequently upon the platforms of his party as he has been in the past. It may be so, but we confess we doubt it. His father found the duties of his position as a great landowner

and a great capitalist so absorbing that they practically excluded him, not only from political, but from social, life. However anxious Lord Hartington may be to give his best help to the coalition of which he was one of the founders, we imagine that sooner or later he will find the pressure of the new tasks laid upon him by his father's death too heavy to be resisted. That he will still, at times, figure prominently in our public life, and take a part of his own in the discussion of political affairs, is probably true; but the tendency which has been distinctly manifested in many of his recent speeches, towards the assumption of a purely critical attitude in relation to English politics, will grow stronger day by day, and ere many years have elapsed we venture to say that the future Duke of Devonshire will have sunk to the position now occupied by Lord Derby. Indeed, the parallel between the two men is in many respects a close one. Both have a very considerable capacity for political life, though it would be unfair to Lord Derby to place Lord Hartington on a level with him. Both are men of moderate opinions, clear views, and sagacious judgment; both are removed by their positions from the temptations which beset the man who can only hold his own by the breath of popular favour. We have seen how Lord Derby, without the smallest abatement in his intellectual powers, has gradually dwindled in stature so far as the public estimation is concerned. His speeches are still admirable, but they have ceased to exercise any political influence. Men are still warm in the recognition of his distinguished powers, but no man claims him as his leader. More and more, as time has passed, he has sunk into the mere territorial magnate, with statesmanlike views of his own on the public questions of the day, and an occasional desire to lay those views before the world. This, we believe, will be the ultimate fate of Lord Hartington. It is notorious that he entered upon political life as a matter of duty rather than as a matter of natural inclination; he will hardly cling to it when the voice of duty calls him into other fields. Nor will he care for that reflected influence which is all that a peer in this country is able to exercise over public life, unless he actually presides over a Cabinet. Of course the whole system under which a man is extinguished by his coronet is a bad one; but so long as it lasts our peers must accept the penalty of their greatness. The House of Lords is an anachronism, and the men of talent and ambition who find themselves called to it whilst they are still in the heyday of their active life, can only accept their elevation with the equanimity with which the philosophic mind bows to any misfortune that is inevitable. We do not believe that a system so absurd and, in many respects, so injurious will last for ever. On the contrary, we imagine that its end is not far off. But in the meantime we have to deal with our institutions as they actually exist, and we must accordingly regard Lord Hartington's accession to his father's title as the practical termination of a public career, which, if not distinguished in the highest sense, has at least been worthy and meritorious in nearly all its aspects.

WITH THE VILLAGE STATESMEN.

NO one who has the smallest insight into rural labour politics can fairly doubt the representative character of the Rural Conference. Nearly all the famous divisional leaders of the Union movement—Arch, Ball, Zachariah Walker, Hines, Nicholls, the first three the old sort of village leaders, and the two latter the new—were there. Interleaved with

them were other representative types of rural democracy—sturdy freeholders from Bucks with clear grey eyes, red-brown faces, and slow strong speech; Lincolnshire yeomen of the true "Ironside" type, Primitive Methodist "locals," with Bible phrases woven into the web of their talk, and with the gift of dramatic speech, born of the constant presentation of the most fascinating of world-stories; hard-grained Baptists, shopkeepers, blacksmiths, peasants round-shouldered with much stooping, who had begun with a quarter or half-acre patch, had attained to a comfortable holding of from 20 to 180 acres, and had come to tell the tale of hard work with the spade from dawn to dark, and of a harder wrestle still with adverse social forces. These made up the balance of the gathering. With the exception of Mr. Frederick Impey, who represented the Allotments Association, and from whom Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Collings feloniously "conveyed" the famous catchword of "three acres and a cow," no man was allowed to talk whose whole life and bearing were not racy of the soil and who did not speak a tongue that awoke haunting memories of Cambridgeshire fens and Norfolk copses and Yorkshire wolds. To call such a gathering a stage assembly is the mere carping of fatuous spite.

Whatever may be the political effect of the conference, its value in the production of genuine human documents was immense. A considerable number of the delegates were office-holders in some rural commune—overseers, trustees of charities, Guardians, and County Councillors. Few, barring a farmer or two and a slightly "viewy" postman, had any reasoned theory of land tenure or general criticism of rural life to offer, but all of them brought their little bundles of facts straight away from the village home and laid them before the Conference with manly plainness, and, on the whole, with startling freedom from party prepossessions. There was no flummery, little rhetoric. Some of the speeches made charming vignettes of country life, bright with rough humour, or just touched with the religious note. As examples of the slow renaissance of the governing faculty in a long depressed class, they were cheering beyond expression. From a social point of view they showed the rural revolt in full development, with its central point in the dislike of the "parson" (alternative readings: "passon," "pa-a-rson," "muster vicar"), not so much as a spiritual force as for his association with the squirearchy, with the headship of the vestry, and with the de-municipalising of the common land, and also as the doctrinal inquisitor, and narrow, hard manager of the village school.

Indeed the prevailing note of the Conference was its severely practical tendency, the determined effort of the delegates to grasp what one of them called the "handle of the parish machine" and use it in getting hold of the land. The politics were not revolutionary. The peasant type is cautious: Wiltshire raises no more "saviours of society" than Calvados. Land nationalisation was hardly named, and peasant ownership not at all, and there was a prudent bent in the definition of the duties of the parish councils which led a majority of speakers to counsel the grouping of the smaller parishes, and one or two to except the poor law ("that's going to be changed, and we needn't be bothered with it," said one man) from the functions of the new bodies. But what leapt out with startling relief from the five-minute transcripts of rural politics was the need for a new land constitution for English agriculture. On this the Radical farmers and freeholders spoke with the same voice as the Union delegates, and in the end the Conference shaped itself with perfect

but quite unstudied unanimity to a demand for the three F.'s—fair rent for land, fixity of tenure for both cottages and land, and compensation for improvements (otherwise "free sale"). Incidentally the subtler economic difficulties cropped up. One white-haired old labourer, with great hands knotted like the roots of an oak-tree, passionately besought the meeting to see to it that the men did not get their allotments with their hands tied. What use, he asked, would an allotment be if it were rented from the farmer attached to a cottage held on a weekly tenure? "You can't take away your allotment on wheels," he shouted, and throughout the meeting there ran the plea for safe and decent homes, the cry of a class with a steadily rising social and moral standard. The evidence as to the village cottage was bad throughout—practically it was Kingsley's "Yeast" over again. Houses built with one window; water-supply bad, out of reach, and draining through cesspools; rooms "not fit to stable a hoss;" and over all the subtle social tyranny involved in the triple boycott of landlord, parson, and farmer, backed by the power of eviction at short notice. It was left, however, for a Derbyshire miner to probe the vexed question of the migration from the land to the towns and to industries. Allotments, said this man, must go hand in hand with Unions to keep up wages, and prevent the allotment serving as an excuse for lowering the rates of weekly pay. Reduced to programme-making, the voice of the villagers implied a demand (1) for a Parish Councils Bill, establishing the self-governing parish, with a clause embodying large powers for re-housing; (2) for a new Agricultural Holdings Bill, on the lines of the Irish Land Act of 1881. On the drafting of the former measure—*e.g.*, the relations between the parish and the district council—the mandate of the Conference was necessarily vague, but on the whole helpful and refreshingly sane. The larger wants of the gathering were reflected with perfect accuracy and insight in Mr. Gladstone's admirably toned and beautifully delivered speech at the Holborn Restaurant.

Most of the speeches showed how real was the village tyranny in which, to its own despite, the Establishment has had too large a share. Who could love "the Christian gentleman" who drove three miniature Baptists from the village school because their father had "views" on infant sprinkling? Stories of the locking of the school doors to Liberal speakers, the discharge of workmen who attended a Liberal meeting, the use of the doles as prizes for churchgoing, were balanced by evidence of the obvious failure of the clergy to act as the guardians of common rights, the preservers of footpaths, the overseers of common land, and to lighten the heavy hand of the landlord-magistrate. On the housing question the record of the clergy was clearly better, and the speech of a Lincolnshire farmer, who in a few vivid strokes pictured an ideal village society, organised at Thurston by a Radical parson, opened one's eyes to the great spiritual and material opportunities that have most unhappily been missed. Meanwhile, the benefit of the free Convention of the Rural Estates which Mr. Schnadhorst, with equal wisdom and boldness, carefully abstained from "bossing," has been unexampled in the whole history of democratic politics. It has furnished the rough material for two great measures of reform, and, what is still more important, it has for the moment converted the Liberal party into an ear for a genuine people's voice. And its success may perhaps embolden our leaders to turn over yet another leaf, and to pass from the Rural to the Urban Conference.

THE PARSON IN THE PILLORY.

THE most notable feature of the Rural Conference was the animus against the country clergy. Whatever might be the differences of opinion as to the nature and scope of village government, on one point the delegates were agreed, and this was hostility to the parson. It has been suggested that these representatives of the agricultural population were mostly Dissenters, who have a rooted antipathy to the Establishment. But this explanation is obviously inadequate. The revolt against the ecclesiastical domination which Lord Salisbury considers to be a "curse" in Ireland and a blessing in the English counties, was due less to religious prejudices than to secular antagonism. It was impossible to listen to the speeches at the Memorial Hall without being struck by the conviction of the rural mind that the parson is, in the main, an obstacle to the betterment of the labourer's material condition. There may have been a Dissenter here and there who was ready to argue the question of infant baptism; but as a rule Hodge does not greatly concern himself with the inexhaustible case of sprinkling *versus* immersion. He knows that his wife is liable to petticoat monitions from the vicarage on the score of heterodoxy; and there is an authentic story that Hodge junior was solemnly adjured by some parson's helpmeet to regard the Liberals as wicked men who wanted to turn the churches into theatres and public-houses. But what the labourer feels most acutely is that the clergy have little or nothing in common with his material interests, that they are disposed to check any movement in favour of independence, and that their sympathies as a class are identified with the old order of things which presupposes that the spiritual and temporal good of the farm hand depends entirely on implicit obedience to his "pastors and masters." It is feebly urged that Hodge's discontent is the creation of Radical agitators; that most villagers pursue the noiseless tenor of their way, safeguarded by clerical sagacity and benevolence; and that all this ferment at the Memorial Hall and elsewhere is due to Mr. Schnadhorst's stage-craft and the perturbed spirits of Dissenting shoemakers. Then there are letters from people who cite instances of sectarian tyranny amongst rural Nonconformists, and who know places where the vicar is on the most excellent terms with his flock. But the broad fact remains that the rising of the agricultural labourers is marked before all things by a resolute opposition to the parson, and by the belief that the political and social emancipation of Hodge cannot be effected without the curtailment of "Muster Vicar's" authority.

This antipathy is due, no doubt, to a traditional misconception in many clerical minds. They are accustomed to look upon the village as an appanage of the Church. In the towns it is impossible to maintain this ideal, but in the country, where the educated and well-to-do are not liable to be thrust from their stools by rude demagogues who stimulate the wicked discontent of cities, the pastor holds a patriarchal relation to his simple flock, and teaches them precisely as much as it is good for them to know. This theory is a little out of date even in the rural districts, but the clergy, with pathetic pertinacity, still refuse to readjust their ideas to the spirit of democratic development. The parson is still convinced that he is the divinely appointed overseer of the school, and that to hand over that institution to an elective committee would make a dangerous breach in the dyke which keeps out the waters of irreligion. Moreover, an unscrupulous democracy

threatens the very existence of the Establishment; and to maintain that palladium of all the virtues it is necessary for the rural clergy to ally themselves with the Conservatism which is resisting the encroachments of the foe in other directions. If this picture is not true, why do we never hear of conferences of parsons to consider measures for ameliorating the lot of the rural poor? It cannot be said that this is no business of theirs, for they make it their business to hinder discussion by refusing the use of school-rooms for Liberal meetings. It is the favourite obfuscation of the Tory parson that the policy of the Liberal party is "to set class against class." It never occurs to him that every step in the enfranchisement of the poor is sure to meet with opposition from some class who imagine that their property or prerogative is threatened by the change. Nobody denies that there are many clergymen of the Establishment who conscientiously discharge what they believe to be their duty; but that breadth of social view which ought to be characteristic of their calling is made impossible by the conditions in which they live. Both Dr. Jessopp and Mr. Tuckwell, who have not many things in common, are agreed that the ignorance of history is a grave defect in our modern education. Dr. Jessopp tries to repair it by giving lectures of a genially antiquarian kind to anyone in East Anglia who can be tempted to listen to him. He might go further and give a series of historical discourses for the benefit of rural parsons who are quite heedless of the democratic basis of government in this country. These allocutions might, at any rate, be more useful than the debates in Convocation and the Church Congress, the prosecution of the Bishop of Lincoln for lighting illegal candles, and the contributions to the science of humanity from the prelates in the House of Lords.

It is unfortunate for the parson that with a very poor equipment, as a rule, for an accurate judgment of social needs, he is too apt to assume that his particular view of religion qualifies him to say the final word in secular affairs. This habit of mind accounts in large measure for the alienation of the labouring classes from the Church. Men who have been taught from their youth that religion demands this or that social duty, and who find that the duty is quite incompatible with practical experience, are likely to conceive a distaste for religious ministrations. This mischief is not lessened by the spectacle of that alliance between some forms of religion and comfortable vested interests, against which Mr. Tuckwell inveighs in the "Review of the Churches." What moral effect can there be in a pulpit exposition of man's duty towards his neighbour, when the preacher enforces nothing higher than the prejudices of the plutocratic pews? In what sense can he be a leader of the people, when they know that he is bound hand and foot by the social shackles of his conventional position? It bodes ill for the influence of the clergy, as a permanent factor, that every advance of the democracy finds so many of them either apathetic or hostile. A claim to dominate education by a class who are themselves so indifferently educated cannot be endured; and in the solution of the social problems which are looming ahead, the parson who imagines that his cloth alone invests him with the majesty of a supreme tribunal will be rather rudely thrust out of the way. This is a warning which all the churches would do well to ponder, for it applies to every denomination. From his political and social teachers the citizen expects a good deal; but from his religious guides, who undertake to direct his life by a purely spiritual inspiration, he expects much more. It may be questioned, indeed, whether their comprehensive mission does not exceed

their powers; but they may be certain that with the general spread of knowledge their responsibilities will grow. If they make broad the phylacteries of caste and privilege, what gospel of theirs can touch the hearts of the toilers? If they proffer to the educated sense some stifling dogma which belongs to a primitive stage of intolerance, how can they complain if they are little heeded in the daily revolution of the world? They, of all men, are bound to grasp the ideas of their time if they would retain their hold on the people; and yet there is no very encouraging sign that, as a body, they are alive to this reality.

TWO CRITICISMS OF MR. GOSCHEN'S PLAN.

LAST week the world was presented with two criticisms, one direct, the other indirect, of Mr. Goschen's scheme, neither of which has received the attention it deserves. One is by the greatest living financial authority, the other by the Chief Magistrate of one of the very greatest of commercial nations. In his speech at Northampton on Wednesday of last week Mr. Gladstone said that "the last rumour is that Local Government is to be shunted, that the agricultural labourer is to be shunted, and instead of that we are to have a quack measure of Mr. Goschen's, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, for the introduction, in the most extraordinary manner, of one-pound notes." This brief criticism has hurt the feelings of the Chancellor of the Exchequer's friends; but the question is, is it justified? Quackery in its essence is the prescription of a remedy which in the nature of things cannot cure. Does that definition apply to Mr. Goschen's scheme for the issue of one-pound notes? Every competent judge is now agreed, first, that the Bank of England has not that control over the Money Market which the keeper of the ultimate banking reserve of the country ought to have; and in the second place, that it does not keep a sufficiently large reserve. Now, if Mr. Goschen's scheme were adopted, would it remove these two objections? Let us suppose that the Bank of England were to issue twenty-five millions sterling of one-pound notes; they would displace an equivalent amount of coin, and under the scheme twenty millions of the coin so displaced would be held in the Bank of England to ensure the exchangeability of the notes, and five millions would be paid away for Consols, which, likewise, would be kept as a security against the notes. The Chancellor of the Exchequer himself admits that the five millions so paid away would probably be exported, and so absolutely lost to the country. That, surely, would merely increase the difficulties of our existing system. True, the Bank would obtain twenty millions of gold more than it now has. It would at the same time, however, have no larger reserve and no greater control over the Money Market. The whole twenty-five millions got in in coin from the circulation would have to be held, four-fifths in gold and one-fifth in securities against the notes. Thus as the Bank would have no more money unemployed than it had before, it could not, by the issue of one-pound notes, obtain a greater control over the Money Market. Such a scheme would not remedy the existing defects of our banking system, and consequently it is not an unfair criticism to call it a "quack measure." True, Mr. Goschen proposes, in addition, to authorise the Bank of England to issue notes, in case of internal panic, over and above the amounts it would be allowed to issue against securities and against coin. But that portion of the plan might be adopted if the one-pound note portion were completely dropped.

The indirect criticism of Mr. Goschen's scheme proceeds from President Harrison. In his speech at Merchant Taylors' Hall the Chancellor of the Exchequer stated that there was a strong desire abroad to bring about another International Financial Convention, in the hope of coming to an agreement for rehabilitating silver. The Government, however, could not go farther than Mr. Gladstone's Cabinet was prepared to go ten years since, but it would go as far; that is to say, it would pledge the Bank of England to keep one-fifth of its metallic reserve in silver if the silver-using countries would bind themselves to open their Mints to the free coinage of silver. Everybody knows that Mr. Goschen's language really was addressed to the American agitators, if not to the American Government. It has been received so by President Harrison, and in his Message to Congress he announces that, having sounded the principal European Governments, he is satisfied that they would not be prepared to adopt the measures which his Administration consider necessary, and therefore he does not propose to ask for another Convention. In other words, the President rejects Mr. Goschen's offer as quite insufficient. Anyone familiar with the feeling of the United States upon the subject must have foreseen this result. The Convention of ten years ago was held at the instance of the United States, and the offer of Mr. Gladstone's Government was then rejected as insufficient. Nothing has happened since to make it likely that what then was thought inadequate would now be accepted as sufficient; on the contrary, President Harrison and his advisers appear to be of opinion that the United States are able not only to continue their present silver policy, but even to coerce Europe in the long run. The American people, the President said, are resolved upon keeping silver as well as gold as a standard of value, and are convinced that they can do so, because experience proves that there is not enough gold for the world's commercial requirements. He added that the United States have now such a command over the money markets of the world that they can take from Europe as much gold as they please; that inevitably they will take as much gold as will cause disturbances in the European money markets, and in the long run compel the nations of Europe to enter into an agreement with the United States for fully utilising silver as international money.

We fear that there is a rough awakening before the President and those who think with him. For the moment, owing to the bad harvests in Europe, the American farmers are able to sell unexampled quantities of grain to Europe, and therefore Americans can take payment in gold if they please. But by-and-by the Old World will have good crops and the New World bad; and then America will lose the command it now has over the European money markets; and it will lose the command all the sooner and all the surer because it has hampered its own trade by the McKinley Tariff Act. Meantime the United States are manufacturing money at a rate never before seen in any civilised country. They are not only importing gold from Europe and raising it from their own mines, but they are buying silver at the rate of about a million sterling every month and paying for it in notes which are full legal tender; yet their currency is larger in proportion to the population than that of any European country, except, perhaps, France. But there is a limit to the amount of coin and notes that can be employed in business by any people, however wealthy and however enterprising; and the limit will be reached in the United States before countries like England and France are so drained of their gold that their money markets will be thrown into confusion. President

Harrison's reply touches only a mere annex of Mr. Goschen's scheme. The material part of the scheme is that which concerns the one-pound notes. Upon that the real battle will have to be fought, and, unless the Chancellor of the Exchequer can adduce in favour of it better arguments than he marshalled forth at Merchant Taylors' Hall, it is not likely that he will be able to carry it through Parliament, much less that he will be able to win for it the approval of the country.

THE PRESERVATION OF FOOTPATHS.

THE footpaths of England are disappearing— notwithstanding all the efforts of Preservation Societies—if not so fast as formerly, fast enough to excite regret. Within twenty miles of London whole districts once open to all comers have been closed, and we know counties in which the labourer's lot is considerably worse than it was, simply by the loss of the old short cuts to his work. What would rural England be to-day if all the paths which existed a century ago were still open? Not only more beautiful than it is, but infinitely more interesting. Many of the footpaths are its oldest historical remains—much older than Norman keep or Saxon church—the survivals of the paths which led the Briton through thick forest or quaking swamp; tracks which enabled him to make unexpected sallies upon Rome's legions, or to baffle their pursuit. Others—not properly footpaths—are the remains of bridle-paths or pack-roads. They are mentioned in old charters and conveyances, and they are and were a precious part of the rural economy of England—the people's as distinguished from the king's highways.

Unfortunately, English law has done little to preserve them and much to facilitate their destruction. To steal a horse or to appropriate somebody's estates is difficult; the owner is sure to defend his own. Less difficult, but still far from easy, is putting an end to an easement or servitude created for the benefit of a specific individual. A. B. has the right of taking water from C.'s well; interference with such a right, which may be a matter of life or death to A. B., is pretty sure to be promptly resented. The probability is that far too much will be made of the loss. But a right which is everybody's and yet nobody's in particular, which may be of enormous benefit to the entire community and yet not of the first importance to any one member of it, is much more precarious, especially if, as so often is the case with footpaths, someone is deeply interested in doing away with or abridging the right. That is the position of footpaths. Even where land is of no great value, they must from their nature be in peril; and it was manifestly expedient to vest in some public body or official the duty of maintaining them against those pecuniarily interested in abolishing them.

Very different has been the course of actual legislation. No doubt the provisions in the Highway Act of 1835, as to what must be done before certain kinds of footpath are closed, read very well. There must be a vestry meeting duly called, a resolution of the vestry, a view by the justices, proper notices set up; and there may be an appeal by a person "injured or aggrieved." But in practice all this means little. The framers of the Act may have intended that the matter should originate with the inhabitants in vestry assembled, and that in the last resort, if there should be a dispute as to the propriety of closing or diverting a particular way, it should be determined by a "jury of twelve disinterested persons." In point of fact,

as everyone knows, the justices and their clerk settle the matter. The provisions of that Statute generally prove no real protection. The matter is submitted to the justices—often indirectly interested in the matter—before most persons know that the project is on foot. Even when the whole procedure has been honestly carried out in letter and spirit—when the justices are satisfied that the new road will be nearer or more commodious to the public than the old one—all may not be right. In ninety cases out of a hundred the project originates with an owner who finds that the footpath prevents him from developing his estate or interferes with his privacy, and who offers another path in exchange for that which he would take away. Why should he effect this without paying a real *quid pro quo*? If the right were vested in a private person he would be required to pay something; the offer of another path would not be accepted. For preventing what is even more common than stoppages or diversions under cover of legal procedure, there exists no machinery. At common law an indictment lies for the non-repair of a highway. It is hard to say why it should not, with equal reason, lie against those who obstruct or stop them. As things are, it is nobody's business to resist encroachments, and in the absence of a village Hampden or a local Footpath Association, a high-handed owner with plenty of money and audacity can in rural parts do very much what he likes.

A member of Parliament may make a large number of his countrymen his debtors if he tried to reform on rational principles the law as to footpaths. He will not find it difficult to draft a satisfactory Bill if he keeps in mind three things: that the people who make use of them are in the main scattered, ill organised, and probably poor; that those who scheme against them are the reverse; and that it is hopeless to suppose that the latter will not outwit the former unless it be some official's duty to protect footpaths as much as other forms of highways. Lord Salisbury has expressed his ignorance as to what parish councils, if created, will do. One function, as Mr. Gladstone pointed out, might fitly fall to them: they might be custodians of the footpaths, bound to defend them, if imperilled, and to repair them if they become impassable. That task would be performed with zeal by such a council; the grabbing of footpaths would indeed soon become unknown. "Private interest," said Mr. Gladstone the other day at the Memorial Hall, with reference to this, "is always awake, looking out for the opportunity of extinguishing them here and there. How is the County Council to stop that? How is even a district council in a large county to stop that? You want men who know the ground yard by yard, and inch by inch." We cannot undo what has been done in all the centuries of the domination of the squire; we cannot make England the delightful land it would be if, as once was the case, every hill and wold and wood were crossed by some path, sending out shoots to every point where the outlook was good and pleasant breezes blew. But we can arrest a movement which still goes briskly on, even in the neighbourhood of London, and under the nose of Footpath Preservation Societies.

CHRONICLE OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

FOR once the news of the week is unexciting, and not by any means superabundant. Most of the Continental legislatures in session have been engaged either on the new commercial treaties—which nowhere meet with really serious opposition—or with questions of domestic finance. The two exciting debates at the close of last week—that in

the French Chamber, on the proposal to separate Church and State, and that in the Italian Chamber, on the revelations from Abyssinia—both came to somewhat ineffective conclusions, and will probably be reopened at no distant date.

The debate in the French Chamber—introduced by M. Hubbard's motion on Friday last week—produced some stormy incidents, one involving the President, M. Floquet. A derisive interruption having reference to Freemasonry drew from him the remark that Pius IX. was a Freemason himself. His statement, based on a well-known French encyclopedia, is said to have been contradicted by that Pope himself. Of course a tumultuous scene wasted the next half-hour. The debate was noticeable otherwise for the line taken up by the Ministerialists, and by M. Paul de Cassagnac, that the Church would be the real gainer by the separation, unless its power of association and of holding property were very carefully restricted; and for M. de Freycinet's admission that the question, though now outside the sphere of practical politics, might soon come within it, and that an opportunity for a fresh discussion of it would arise upon a new law relating to the right of association, promised for February next. M. Hubbard's motion was defeated by 321 to 179, and a resolution expressing confidence that the Government would enforce respect for the existing laws, was carried by 243 to 223. The smallness of the majority, and the fact that there were 77 abstentions, have caused surprise. The Papal allocution makes no reference to the debate.

An after-echo of the debate—a proposal to suppress the bishoprics founded since the Concordat—was defeated in the Chamber on Tuesday by 278 to 223. The same body adopted the Budget finally on the same day by 394 to 41. The Senate has passed the new Tariff Bill, as amended, by 291 to 11. The protests against the Chinese wall of protection shortly to be placed round France are, however, becoming more vigorous in the press, and a certain concession to them has been made by the Government. In a Bill now before the Tariff Committee, it seeks power to apply the minimum tariff for one year to those countries—Spain, Holland, Belgium, Switzerland, Sweden, and the United States—whose treaties with France expire in 1892; and it is not impossible that this time for reflection may result in some kind of new commercial arrangement with them. Meanwhile, the agitation in Spain against French goods—owing to the increased duties on Spanish wines in France—increases daily. Tariff reprisals are expected, but the ultimate action of the Spanish Government is uncertain.

M. Emile de Laveleye, continuing his criticisms of the proposed Constitutional reforms in Belgium, strongly advocates some scheme of minority representation—praising even the three-cornered arrangement which was such a nuisance during its brief existence among us—but thinks that the conflict between supporters of different schemes, considering the limited time at the disposal of the Chamber, may prevent the adoption of any one plan. He therefore strongly advocates single-member constituencies, rejected by the majority of the Committee of the Chamber because their adoption favours "parochial interests"—which, he remarks, is precisely what a representative system is intended to do. As to universal suffrage, he adds, it would simply divide the representation between Catholics and Socialists.

The Commercial Treaty with Austria has met with no formidable opposition in the Reichstag. A Conservative proposal to refer it to a committee was supported by only thirty members, and the speeches against it are mere protests. Prince Bismarck, however, in addressing a deputation on Saturday, declared that it was a product of "bureaucracy, our national calamity," and drawn up solely in the interest of the consumer; and that the Reichstag was abdicating its proper functions by discussing so hastily what had taken a year to prepare. Prince

Bismarck's championship of Parliamentary privilege excites some amusement. His only reason for staying away from the debate is that his criticism on the Government would be more severe than is proper in view of his past.

The Methodist Church in Vienna has been closed and its pastor inhibited on the ground that one of the Methodist articles of belief denounces the Mass. By a law of 1874 the recognition of any religious body by the State is permitted in Austria provided its doctrine, worship, and constitution contain nothing illegal or immoral.

Switzerland is a country of political experiments. A Committee of the Cantonal legislature of Geneva is studying proportional representation; and a model test election was held under its auspices last Sunday. Presumably the system adopted was that in favour on the Continent, in which no candidate can be elected unless he gains a certain number of votes, which is discovered by complicated calculations after the voting is over. At any rate, 1,207 electors voted, and it took six hours to arrive at the result. The trial is regarded as "moderately satisfactory."

The Papal allocution pronounced in secret Consistory last Saturday hardly exhibits the moderation of tone that was expected; it makes no reference to France, and protests against the agitation for the abolition of the Law of Guarantees, and by implication against the recent declarations of the Ministry.

The debate on the atrocities committed at Massowah, by order of the military governors, ended lamely on Saturday in a sort of temporary truce. A Radical member condemned the action of the generals as "worse than Austrian" (it is curious that General Baldissera, who is most deeply implicated, comes from Udine, and possesses medals for his valour in the Austrian service in the wars with Italy in 1859 and 1866). It was as hotly defended by a Piedmontese member, and partly extenuated by Signor Bonghi. The Premier stated that both the Advocate-General of the army and a special committee of three generals had advised against a prosecution of the generals; but it must not be assumed that they would go unpunished. All the documents asked for by the Extreme Left would be laid before the Chamber. On this promise the adverse motions were withdrawn and the debate closed.

A debate on the financial proposals of the Government—very much like those which so unexpectedly upset Signor Crispi last March—is, impending as we write. The Left—now led by Signor Zanardelli—and the Extreme Left seem likely to make common cause against the Government.

The new Spanish loan of 250,000,000 pesetas will shortly be issued at 81. It is guaranteed by a syndicate of Spanish brokers. We have referred above to the agitation caused by the French tariff.

Since last April, M. Gaston Chadourne, the Havas correspondent at Sofia, and formerly a clerk in the French Consulate there, has industriously spread news distasteful to the Bulgarian Government. Recent telegrams have dealt with the tortures alleged to be applied to the persons under arrest for complicity in the murder of M. Beltcheff. He has now been expelled the country; and the French Government, having demanded his re-admission and received a refusal, has broken off diplomatic relations with Bulgaria. But the step practically means nothing—except that France thereby again tends to pose as the friend of the Sultan.

Prince Alexander of Bulgaria—now living in retirement as Count Hartenau—has been offered a pension of 30,000 francs annually by the Sobranje of Bulgaria. His acceptance of it is doubtful.

The Greek Minister of Marine has resigned, seemingly because he may not build new ironclads, which the country obviously cannot afford.

Friction continues between Chili and the United States; and a change of Government—under compulsion, almost amounting to revolution—has taken place in the province of São Paulo, Brazil.

EGYPT—NOW, AND AFTER?

THE is only one question about Egypt worth asking at the moment—one, to France, which goes to the root of our difficulties. This question I have lately asked, and it has been answered. "Are you prepared to repeat, what you said in May, 1887, that not only will you give every pledge that can be suggested that you will not occupy the country when we come out of it, but that you will not object to arrangements being made for our going back if necessary?" This is the question that I put to authorised exponents of French official opinion.

Personally, I have always been opposed to the continuance of the occupation, and do not wish that we should ever go back to Egypt, and do not expect that we should have to do so; but, the Conservatives having obtained this promise from France in 1887, I doubt a majority, even in the next House of Commons, being willing to come away from Egypt without obtaining satisfaction on the point. The French answer is in the affirmative, and, this matter being now made clear, the question of evacuation becomes one worthy of serious discussion. Let us, then, see how we stand as to staying or coming out.

Shortly before the Newcastle meetings of the Liberal Federation Mr. John Morley made a courageous and admirable declaration in favour of the cessation of the Egyptian occupation. At Newcastle Mr. Gladstone expressed in guarded language his well-known opinion to the same effect. A controversy immediately sprang up, and Conservative writers and candidates have from that time to the present been using the question as though the Liberal policy were to abandon an Egyptian dominion which it is the Conservative policy to retain.

It has been said by some that it was a mistake, as regards tactics, for Mr. Morley and Mr. Gladstone to have "raised the Egyptian Question," but it is impossible for the Liberal party to look forward, as it does, to obtaining a substantial majority at the next elections, and not to declare those views upon foreign policy upon which, when it has obtained that majority, it will act. I hope shortly to discuss elsewhere, at greater length than the form of THE SPEAKER would allow, the general questions in which Liberals mostly take the view that Lord Salisbury has gone wrong, and that Lord Rosebery may be expected to set him right. But with regard to Egypt the action of an incoming Liberal Government can surely not admit of doubt. Mr. Gladstone's second Administration was absolutely committed to the occupation being but a temporary one, and actually proposed to France the very construction of the future Government which was to come into force at its cessation. But this was not Liberal action only. The Conservatives pursued precisely the same policy.

In 1883 Sir Stafford Northcote, on behalf of his party, had pressed Mr. Gladstone to state when we were going to withdraw our troops, grumbling at our using language which might mean that we would stay there for half a century instead of for half a year; and Lord Hartington, to comfort him, replied that we meant rather six months than fifty years. After that came delay, but, to use Lord Derby's words, also uttered on behalf of the Liberal party, "the war in the Soudan was the sole and sufficient cause." In spite of the Soudan War, however, in August, 1884, Sir Michael Hicks-Beach said in his place that he did not think that "anyone who has considered this question imagines that we could act in reference to Egypt otherwise than in accordance with our treaty obligations," and repudiated the desire for annexation, actual or virtual.

After the Conservatives came in they sent Sir Henry Drummond Wolff, in August, 1885, to Constantinople. Sir Henry Wolff immediately informed the French Ambassador that "I thought it best to be explicit. . . . Her Majesty's Government had no idea of annexing Egypt, or of establishing a

protectorate. Their sole object was to create a stable state of things in the country, which should enable the native Government to manage its own affairs. I added that Her Majesty's Government would not fail to observe all their international obligations." Sir Henry Wolff's language was approved. He drew up a draft convention in which it was agreed with the Turks that a Turkish and a British Commissioner should report on the stability of the Egyptian army and of Egyptian institutions, with a view to the conclusion of a further convention "for the evacuation." Sir Henry Wolff stated that it was impossible at the moment to determine the date at which the British troops would be withdrawn, "but that the evacuation will be proceeded with gradually." At the close of the first portion of his mission Sir Henry Wolff said that "the Government of Great Britain has repeatedly announced its intention of an ultimate withdrawal;" and he was again approved.

More than a year later, the Conservative Government volunteered a note in which they declared their readiness "to reiterate the assurances which they have given on previous occasions, that they have no desire that the British occupation should be continued any longer than is absolutely necessary for the fulfilment of the moral obligations which they have undertaken." They, however, now laid down the necessity for certain concessions from the other Powers, relating chiefly to the extension of the powers of mixed tribunals of criminal jurisdiction over foreigners, to the application of the Egyptian laws, and especially of the press laws, to foreigners, and to the abandonment of so much of the capitulations as might stand in the way of these reforms. They thought that the carrying-out of such reforms would "render the termination of the British occupation practicable at a comparatively early date." All these changes we can obtain at this moment if we choose, and in what form we please.

The French Government, the Prime Minister being M. de Freycinet, the present Prime Minister, did not press us. They have never pressed us. Our language has been fairly consistent throughout. Their language has been absolutely consistent throughout; although at one time our language was going to be carried into deeds, and now, for some years past, has consisted of words only. The French Government have always said, as they said in November, 1886, that they abstained from proposing any special date for our evacuation, although they would feel a great relief when we fixed one; that although public feeling was irritable in France upon the subject, the French Government had never done aught but tone down that irritation; that they agreed with us that there must be established proper means of defending Egypt after we had left. They were willing to consent to the employment of Turkish officers for that purpose in the Egyptian army. The French thought that it would be unfortunate that we should stipulate for a return of our troops to Egypt in the event of disorders, but they did not absolutely object to such a return being contemplated, and were willing to discuss it with the Powers. They are now willing to discuss it with ourselves and to agree to a stipulation on the subject. M. de Freycinet stated that it was untrue that the French Government had endeavoured to induce the Governments of Europe to make a joint effort to press us to withdraw from Egypt. He had avoided saying a word upon the subject to Russia because our relations with Russia in Asia made him feel that he was precluded from so doing. The Turks had applied to him but he had advised them not to press us. He was willing to bind himself not to propose that a French occupation should succeed ours, and to the effect that Egypt should again become an autonomous province under the suzerainty of the Sultan. A few days later the French Government stated that, Lord Salisbury having mentioned that he thought we ought to stipulate that in the case of disturbances arising in Egypt after we had come away we should be at

liberty to return, they were in principle prepared to accept the stipulation, subject to limitations and an arrangement. This willingness continues.

A month later, just before Christmas, 1886, Lord Lyons informed the French Government that the withdrawal of the British troops was "occupying the serious attention of Her Majesty's Government," who "were anxious to be relieved of the burden which was entailed upon them by the occupation of Egypt, and were only waiting for the establishment of a state of things in that country which would enable them to withdraw conscientiously." This was the language of Lord Lyons, whose share in the conversation was approved. It is quite true that he went on with his usual caution and ability to lay down the same general conditions which have always been laid down, but nothing can remove the impression created by the phrase "anxious to be relieved of the burden entailed upon them by the occupation." It is language of that kind, over and over again used by Lord Salisbury, that must have meant a real intention to evacuate, while many of his followers now speak as though the Conservatives had all the time the intention of staying. A few days later, again, we informed the Turks that affairs in Egypt were working in the direction of greater tranquillity, which would enable us to act on our Convention, and the Government declared themselves quite willing to discuss the details of the arrangements to be made for the state of things that would follow evacuation. Sir Henry Wolff, they said, had been summoned to England only for the purpose of expediting matters.

In January, 1887, Lord Salisbury went into detail, discussed the retention of an adequate number of British officers in the Egyptian army, said that the Government desired to attain the neutralisation of Egypt, but with an exception so far—that we should retain a right to guard the condition of things established. England, he thought, ought to retain that treaty right of intervention which the French had said they were willing, with limitations, to accept. But Lord Salisbury, in asking for it, again used words showing that he thought the occupation burdensome, not advantageous; because, he said, as regarded re-occupation, "there is no danger that a privilege so costly in its character will be used unless the circumstances imperatively demand it." Lord Salisbury went on to say that terms strictly defining the conditions under which re-occupation should take place, and putting it under limitations to prevent the renewed presence of British troops extending beyond the time which the exigency might demand, would be a proper subject of consideration; the Government were very far from intending to use any such power, if it should be reserved to them, for the purpose of creating a protectorate in disguise, "still less for unnecessarily renewing an occupation which has already imposed so many sacrifices upon Great Britain." Sir Henry Wolff pointed out to the Turks how our object was security for free transit, and that that object would be attained by such a neutralisation as would provide that Egypt would never be the scene of warlike operations, and that the Canal should be open in war-time to the passage of ships of war of all Powers, and the land route to the transit of their troops. Our Government asked no exclusive advantage. These words were almost exactly those formerly made use of by Lord Palmerston when he refused to sanction an occupation of Egypt, holding it to be not advantageous, but burdensome to this country, and they were approved by Lord Salisbury.

In March, 1887, the French again intimated that they would not oppose a right of re-entry. Sir Henry Wolff stated that "we considered the time arrived when a permanent settlement" could be drawn up. "Our only national interest was to keep the highway clear." Sir Henry Wolff gave a Note to the Turks explaining the nature of the neutralisation which we proposed, and that neutralisation scheme was precisely the same which Mr. Gladstone's

second Administration had drawn up in 1884. In April, 1887, the Conservatives suggested a distant date for the evacuation. Sir Henry Wolff, however, expressed his own opinion in favour of shortening the period of our stay, and pointed out that, although Egypt was supposed to pay the cost of our army, as a matter of fact there was a very heavy expenditure on Egyptian account still laid on the British taxpayer. The Austrians interfered in April, in a friendly way, to say that they hoped we should come to terms about Egypt, as our occupation was a hindrance to friendly relations between ourselves and the Sultan. In the same month Sir Henry Wolff informed the Turks that it in no way entered into our views to establish ourselves permanently in Egypt. A draft Convention was then drawn up, providing for retirement in three years; and it was signed in May, 1887. The French objected to its details, and put pressure on the Turks not to ratify it, and it was never ratified. Sir Henry Wolff, in reporting it to the Government, stated that the Government had disclaimed "all desire of annexing Egypt, or of establishing a protectorate," and went on, "It has more than once been suggested that England should take permanent possession of Egypt. . . . Even though other Powers might at the moment of panic have acquiesced in the annexation, I much doubt whether it would have been invested with the character of undisputed permanency. . . . As to the policy of annexation . . . the objections are to my mind overwhelming. It would have been a violation of the traditional policy of England, of her good faith to the Sultan, and of public law. In time of peace it would have exposed her to constant jealousy and danger. In time of war it would have been a weak point entailing a perpetual drain on her resources. Egypt is a country of transit, is to a certain extent the common property of the world. It may be described as an international thoroughfare indispensable to the commerce of all nations." Sir Henry Wolff then went on to argue that, while in the immunity of Belgium from attack only a limited number of Powers are interested, in the freedom of Egypt the whole world is concerned. "It is necessary also to consider the relations of France with Egypt," and Sir Henry Wolff then went on to recognise her service in the construction of the Suez Canal, and her tradition and "prescription" of special interest in the country, and to defend the project of neutralisation. In reply, Lord Salisbury conveyed to him a full approval.

The objections made by France were not to the British right of re-entry, but to the particular terms used with regard to it, which, they maintained, assimilated the English right to that of Turkey, and gave England rights of sovereignty in perpetuity equivalent to the Turkish rights. I myself think that the French objection was a perfectly well-founded one; but, whether that was so or not, there certainly was not any reason why, if the Government really meant all that they had said as to our desire to get out and our strong interest in getting out, they should not have got out at this time on honourable and safe conditions; and it is difficult to resist the conclusion that, strong and apparently straightforward as was the language used, they were afraid of their party, and shrank back at the last moment.

Nothing, however, can get over the fact that Lord Salisbury had stated as late as May, 1887, his thorough adherence to the view that the Egyptian occupation imposed heavy sacrifices on this country, without adequate return, either in time of peace or in time of war.

On the 10th of June, 1887, Lord Salisbury said in Parliament, "It was not open to us to assume the protectorate of Egypt . . . even supposing that such a course . . . would be consistent with international law and the interests of this country. It was not open to us to do so, because Her Majesty's Government had again and again pledged themselves that they would not do so."

As late as August, 1889, Lord Salisbury said that to "declare our stay in Egypt permanent" would be to pay "an insufficient regard to the sanctity of the obligations which the Government of the Queen have undertaken and by which they are bound to abide." Yet now, in 1891, Lord George Hamilton, a leading member of Lord Salisbury's Administration, is found willing to tell a meeting that if we evacuate Egypt anarchy or occupation by another Power must be the result. How can we wonder that such utterances have made French Chauvinist writers, such as Madame Adam, try to teach their countrymen that we are only lying to the world?

It is hardly necessary for me, when I am able to quote such language from Lord Salisbury, to argue for myself with regard to our interest in Egypt in time of war. We are told that Egypt will never be strong enough to guarantee the safety of the Canal; that if we withdraw, other Powers will step in; and lastly, that the withdrawal of our garrison will send down securities. As to this last point I have no doubt; but it is not our duty to stay in Egypt to keep "Egyptians" at all times up to a high figure. I have no doubt that in the case of that other peace military occupation which ended in time of war, as ours would end in time of war—the French occupation of Rome—that the withdrawal of the French troops at any moment would have sent down Pontifical securities, but in the case of Rome there was another Power waiting to step in. In the case of Egypt that excuse is lacking to us, and we could make virtually any terms that we might choose. As for the fall of Egyptian securities, we can only use the words of Sydney Smith as to there being no fools like the three per cents., and look forward to the certainty of their rising again when once the scare is past. As to the other answers that are made to us, the right of passage in war is as important to France, in proportion, as it is to us; but, granting the fact that it is, in an absolute sense, far more important to us than to any other Power, I am bound to say that I agree with General Gordon and with Lord Charles Beresford, and with the other great military and naval authorities who have shown that in a general war it would be impossible to rely upon it. French naval opinion is unanimous on the point that, in the event of a war between Italy and France in which Great Britain was neutral, France, notwithstanding her naval supremacy in the Mediterranean, could not safely use the Suez Canal, and it is emphatically unanimous that we could not use the Canal in a war in which France was against us, we having, however, an alternative route by the Cape absolutely in our hands, while the French have no other route unless under circumstances of the greatest difficulty. The French have no defensible coaling stations between their Senegal possessions and Madagascar, and that fact seems to bar them from the use of the Cape route. We have our fortified position at the Cape. If we garrison Sierra Leone, which we have already fortified and declared our intention of holding, and make proper arrangements for Mauritius, we hold the Cape route in the hollow of our hand; and it is to our military advantage that all Eastern trade and Eastern passage for troops should be driven round the Cape. In a great war it would be impossible to rely upon passage through the Mediterranean, past the port of Toulon and the Algerian and Tunisian ports of France, crammed with torpedo-boats, and most difficult to blockade.

Egypt is able to maintain her own internal peace. This point has been disputed, but I know not whether those who are frightened of an Arab inroad have read the history of the last invasion. Nejumi was the fighting chief of those who had destroyed Hicks Pasha's forces. He, with all the picked fanatics of the Soudan, marched down the Nile, and the Egyptian opinion of his advance, confirmed by the highly skilled Englishmen in the Egyptian service, is recorded in an official Egyptian book—"The authorities could not bring themselves to believe that

Nejumi . . . could possibly undertake so wild a project as to advance over hundreds of miles of waterless desert, while the waterway was held by the enemy, who, if not strong enough to attack him, must harass him and prevent him from obtaining water; and he might be sure that if he descended into the villages they would be long before cleared of all supplies of food, and probably occupied by troops. It was therefore thought that when Nejumi himself saw the situation he would give up his project of invasion and confine himself to raids on a large scale; but the fanatical nature of the man had been misunderstood. He remembered that he himself had been the Mahdi's right-hand man, and that the conquest of Egypt had always been his late master's firm resolve. He had been taunted by the Khalifa for his inaction during the past years, and, well knowing the jealousy with which he was regarded by him, Nejumi was not a man to be put off by difficulties and obstacles which any but a fanatical Arab leader would have considered insuperable. He had confidence in his men, and they in him. He had annihilated Hicks and had captured Khartoum. Why should he fear to advance into Egypt and to fight against Egyptian troops, whom he had learned to regard with contempt? His Emirs were all picked men, who had scored success after success over the Government troops." What was the result? Nejumi's force had to eat its horses, its camels, and its donkeys. Before it met the Egyptian troops it was, as a military force, virtually destroyed. Even the fanatical dervishes were already deserting in great numbers, and when the Sirdar arrived he wrote to Nejumi to tell him that unless he surrendered he must "die of hunger and thirst. . . . I have seen your pitiable state. Know that our Government is a humane Government, and does not wish the death of the helpless women and children who are with you." Nejumi sent back a fanatical reply, or what we call "fanatical"—let us say patriotic and religious, for it was both—refused to surrender, was attacked by the Egyptians (before the British troops came up), and was absolutely destroyed at Toski.

In a recent article in *THE SPEAKER* you gave excellent military reasons in favour of withdrawal, but I cannot go with you in advocating a sudden cessation of the occupation, which would be so violently opposed by the world of finance, not only in this country, that it would be difficult to secure a Parliamentary majority in its favour. Such a policy, though safe, I think, in fact, would not seem safe, and it would be far better to once more take up the negotiations with a view to a formal and binding European settlement.

It is often forgotten that if France was willing to incur risk in order to get us out of Egypt she could as easily send a few troops to Port Said, with friendly language, at the present moment, as occupy the country after we had left. The result of her sending troops to Port Said to protect her interests would not be war, it would only be a Conference—a Conference which would either bring out both Powers, or would leave her there with us. The interest of the French Government is not unlike our own. France has immense financial interests in Egypt, and does not wish to see Egyptian finances fall to ruin. She needs, as we need, good government, and will help us to secure it.

As regards the domestic future of Egypt there may be as much provision for international control and guarantee as is thought desirable, and any securities we please can be taken that the good work which we have done there shall be permanent. To say, however, that we "must stop in Egypt till our work is done" is nonsensical. The whole scheme of government is there; its working has been tested, and to say that we will stay there till there is no further risk of any kind is to look forward to a time when Egypt the eternal will come to an end, for in that sense our work never can be done.

CHARLES W. DILKE.

SHORTER PARLIAMENTS.

THE Septennial Act, which extended the duration of Parliaments thenceforward from three years—the limit fixed by an Act passed twenty years earlier by Lord Somers—to seven full years, was carried by the Whig peers of the day in the first year of George I., for the purpose of avoiding the risk of a General Election at a time when rebellion had just been put down by force, when there was much discontent throughout the country, and there was fear that a Tory majority might be returned which would upset the new dynasty. It was almost in the nature of a *coup d'état*, for the House of Commons which passed the Act had been elected under the three years' rule, and had received no mandate from the country beyond this. They had a perfect moral right to extend the duration of future Parliaments, but not of their own. The measure, however, was perhaps justified by its immediate results so far as it aided in tiding the country over the difficulty, and securing the new régime. But those who read the records we have of the debates in both Houses, and the pamphlets published at the time, can hardly fail to be of opinion that the opponents of the measure had the best of the argument from a constitutional point of view, and from that of popular rights. One of the strongest points made was that the prolongation of Parliaments would add greatly to the power of the Executive by increasing the facilities and inducements to them to bring improper influences to bear on members of the House of Commons elected for so long a period, and would offer also a greater encouragement to members to obtain their election by corruption. It is very certain that the measure had these effects, and was to some extent responsible for the corruption of members, and bribery in the constituencies which prevailed in the next hundred years.

It is to be noted that only one Parliament since the passing of the Act existed for the full period permitted by it—namely, that which passed the measure. With that exception no Parliament has been kept alive for more than six full Sessions. The Parliaments of George II. were all of long duration. One of them lasted for six and a-half years, three for six years, and the remaining one for six years. The twelve Parliaments of George III. averaged nearly five years, but only one lasted a few months over six years, and that one had but six full Sessions.

Since then the tendency has undoubtedly been towards shorter Parliaments. Two only have sat for six years—that of Lord Palmerston from 1859 to 1866, and of Lord Beaconsfield from 1874 to 1880; none of them beyond this period. It has therefore come to be well recognised that six years is the practical limit of the duration of Parliaments, and Hallam, in his "Constitutional History," writing forty years ago, laid down as a constitutional doctrine that "custom appears to have established, and with some convenience, the substitution of six for seven years in the natural life of a House of Commons."

There have, however, been popular protests from time to time against the prolongation of Parliaments for so long a period as six years. The Radical party have generally advocated a return to triennial elections; the Chartist of fifty years ago demanded annual Parliaments. But there have been no very vigorous efforts within the walls of the House of Commons itself to shorten the duration of its life. It may well be that, when in past times members were returned often at great cost, they have not been willing to curtail the period for the enjoyment of the position they have achieved, though in principle they might think six years too long a period, especially when their opponents are in power.

In 1833 a Bill was introduced in the House of Commons for shortening the duration of Parliament; a blank was left for the new limit, which the House was invited to fill up. The Bill was opposed by the then Whig Government, and, in spite of that, was

rejected by a majority of only forty-six in a full House. Lord John Russell, in opposing the measure, assumed that three years would be inserted in the Bill, and he said that practically this would mean a General Election every second year. He said that in his opinion Parliaments ought not to last more than five years. He evidently thought that there was little prospect of their lasting for a longer period in the future, and that, consequently, it was not worth while to legislate on the subject. This, I believe, has been the only debate on the subject in the present century.

It is possible that all Parliaments would have lasted for six years, or even for the full seven, if their duration had depended on the wishes of the great majority of their members. There have, however, been two recognised causes for dissolution of Parliament independently of the will of its members, and which have not unfrequently intervened to shorten its existence—the one where the Government of the day, having lost the confidence of the majority of the members of the House of Commons, or finding that a principal measure which it conceived to be of vital interest to the country has been defeated by the House of Commons, appealed to the constituencies against it. Under this head votes of want of confidence have been rare; there has been no such case since 1841, when Lord Melbourne's Government was defeated on a motion of this kind and appealed to the country. More frequent have been the cases where the Government of the day, frustrated in its desire to carry a measure, has dissolved Parliament. The other, and less fully recognised case, is that where a Government has discovered through successive bye-elections that, although still supported by a majority in the House of Commons it has lost the confidence of the electorate, and that the House of Commons is no longer in harmony with the constituencies. It would seem to be the duty of the Government in such case to endeavour to restore that harmony by dissolving Parliament, and laying its full case before the country. Mr. Gladstone acted on this principle when in 1874—several important constituencies having rejected Liberal candidates—he dissolved Parliament, with the result that the country returned a majority of Tories. Lord Salisbury as leader of the Tory party appears to have recognised this action of Mr. Gladstone as one of constitutional force and importance, and one which should be followed under the like conditions, for in 1883 assuming much too hastily that the country had in like manner declared itself against Mr. Gladstone's second Administration, he said at a public meeting at Dumfries: "A dissolution is the only appeal which the people have against a Minister who is not acting according to their wish. I deny that the Prime Minister has a right to interpose his will and say—The people may storm and object; they may think my cause is wrong, but so long as I can control the majority in the House elected by myself and controlled by my machinery, so long will I not permit an appeal to be made to the people against myself. That does not seem to me to be constitutional doctrine." Most people will agree with him and will consider that a duty is imposed upon a Minister, at all events, when a Parliament has been long in existence, to look to the bye-elections as indications of public opinion of the country, and not to prolong its duration even to the limit of six years if these are running against him. It may be said that dissolutions brought about in these ways have tended to mitigate the effect of the Septennial Act, and to make General Elections more frequent than they otherwise would have been. But for this it is almost certain there would have been long ago a popular cry for the modification of the Act.

Other changes, however, in the Constitution, point to the expediency of amending the Septennial Act, and of shortening the duration of future Parliaments. By the joint operation of the Acts extending the franchise in the boroughs and the counties, and effecting a Redistribution of Seats, we

have in effect accepted Democracy as the basis of our system; and having done so, we must logically adapt other parts of the Constitution to it. It may be taken as an axiom of democracy that the representative body should be in close touch with the people who have elected it, and this can only be secured by affording to the electors fairly frequent opportunities of selecting or rejecting their members. The safety of the Constitution, of property, and of other institutions lies in the political education of the electorate; a General Election is the best of political educators; it instructs the people more fully than even the widest circulation of a cheap press; it forces the electors to think and to choose; it compels candidates to make themselves acquainted with people of all classes and their wants; intervals of six years between General Elections are too long for this purpose; the continuity of interest in the Constitution cannot be maintained; the education affected by one election is forgotten before the next one; if Parliaments are to average so long as six years, the average elector will not have more than three opportunities in his lifetime of recording his vote and of expressing his wants and wishes.

It is probable that arguments of this kind have prevailed against long intervals between General Elections in all the modern Constitutions adopted elsewhere, where the representative principle has been embraced. I have been unable to discover a single case in any country in the world where a popular representative body is allowed to have a longer period of existence before submitting itself to the electorate than four years. In by far the majority of cases, the period is three years only. In the United States the Lower House of Congress is elected for two years only. The Senators sit for six years, but they are a delegated body elected not by the people, but by the State Legislatures, which themselves are subject to re-election every second year. The President, who represents the Executive, is elected for four years only. The French Chamber of Deputies is elected for four years, and the same rule prevails in Italy. Triennial elections are the rule in the German Reichstag, in the democratic constitutions of Holland, Sweden, Norway, Belgium, and Greece; and, in the most recent of all, Bulgaria. In our colonies the triennial rule almost universally prevails. In our own recent legislation the same principle of triennial elections has been adopted. The London County Council—whose functions are of enormous importance, and which is an executive body and not merely a deliberative or legislative body like the House of Commons—is elected for three years. The County Councils throughout the country and the School Boards have the same length of life. It is difficult, then, to suppose that if we were to have the question raised for the first time we should do otherwise than determine a shorter period, of three years, or four years, for the life of Parliament. I will not now discuss which of these two is preferable.

Every argument, therefore, drawn from sound principles of popular government, from experience elsewhere, and from the importance of maintaining the good order of the House of Commons, points to the expediency of shortening the duration of Parliaments in the future. They are greatly strengthened by what has occurred in the present Parliament, and by the threats which are held out in certain quarters.

Far beyond the case of 1873-4 already alluded to, the country has shown through the bye-elections that the Government has lost the confidence of a majority of the electors. It is not merely that of late important constituencies unprecedented in number have declared against the Government, but at almost every election that has taken place there is distinct evidence that the constituents have reverted to the conditions of the 1885 election, and that the Liberals who refrained from voting in 1886, or who voted for Unionist candidates, have returned to

their allegiance to the Liberal Party, and that, consequently, a General Election would result in a very large majority to the Liberal cause. In spite of these very strong manifestations of public opinion, in spite of Lord Salisbury's emphatic declarations in 1884 as to the duty of a Prime Minister under such circumstances, the Government shows no sign of an early intention to dissolve Parliament or to submit its policy to the country.

For a long time past it has been evident that one of the main hopes of the Tory Party has been that the present Parliament may survive, if not the life, at all events the physical strength, of the great leader of the Liberal Party, under the belief—a most mistaken and foolish one—that the Home Rule Question owes its vitality and strength only to him, and that it will be dropped by the Liberal Party when he is gone.

In this view it is notorious that strong pressure is being brought to bear on the Government not merely to keep the present Parliament together for the Session of 1892, which will make it one of the longest on record, but also for another Session beyond, so as to exhaust the extreme period allowed by the Septennial Act. This would defer the General Election till some time in 1893 and give a further chance, it is hoped, to the Tory cause, from the uncertainty of life, or from the chapter of accidents. The recent speech of Sir M. Hicks-Beach at Bristol tends to show that the Government has an open mind on this subject; he clearly indicated the possibility of the present Parliament beating all former records in its duration. Such a course would be wholly unprecedented, and, it is believed, unconstitutional. It could only have suggested itself to men who are conscious that defeat awaits them, and who, like gamblers, are hoping for some lucky number to turn up to retrieve their fortunes.

In view of the ambiguous language of so important a member of the Cabinet, it would seem to be the duty of the Liberal leaders when Parliament meets to demand specific explanations of the Government: whether the coming Session will be the last of the Parliament, in accordance with precedent; whether in such case the dissolution will take place as soon as the Session is over; and whether the new Parliament will be summoned for business as early as possible after the elections.

It will be recollected that in 1886, when Mr. Gladstone, on the defeat of the Home Rule Bill, announced his intention to appeal to the constituencies, Sir M. Hicks-Beach, on behalf of the Opposition, and quoting a precedent set by Sir Robert Peel in 1841, demanded a declaration from the Government that Parliament would be summoned as early as possible after the elections, and threatened to oppose votes in supply if the reply of the Government was not satisfactory. Mr. Gladstone gave the required assurance that no delay should occur in summoning Parliament, and the votes in supply were limited to three months, so as to insure the early meeting of the new Parliament.

The circumstances of the present Parliament are such as to present a somewhat analogous position. It is approaching the extreme limit which the Constitution permits. Already the country at the bye-elections has declared against the Government; in spite of this, the Government has not taken the course which Lord Salisbury in 1884 declared to be the proper one, namely, of dissolving Parliament; and there are indications that great pressure is being brought to bear on the Government to prolong the life of Parliament to a seventh year—a course not pursued for over 150 years.

It would be difficult to conceive a stronger case for demanding specific assurances from the Government. If they are refused, it may well become the duty of the Liberal party to consider what course to take with reference to Supply, in order to prevent the undue prolongation of Parliament and to insure a Dissolution and the calling together of a new Parliament within a reasonable time.

In any case, however, the present case of a Parliament being prolonged to inordinate length, in order to enable a Government to continue its existence when the popular voice has already declared against it, and in the hope of surviving the life of a popular leader, should be a warning to the Liberal party for the future, and supplies an additional argument for taking an early opportunity for repealing the Septennial Act, and for regulating the duration of Parliament more in accordance with democratic principles.

G. SHAW LEFEVRE.

PROFESSOR KUENEN.

ON the tenth of December there died, at Leyden, Abraham Kuenen. In him sacred scholarship has lost one of its noblest sons and most devoted disciples. He was a man of rare dignity and still rarer simplicity of spirit. Modern in mind and in all his methods as scholar and inquirer, he had yet in its modest heroism and unconscious chivalry something of the antique in his character. No man could have had less of the typical heresiarch or aggressive critic in his spirit and bearing. He loved all good men and all beautiful things. The history of his own people and the traditions of his city and university were dear to him; and he desired nothing more than to be allowed to live and teach and write in a way that became a chair made illustrious by the men who had been professors before him. When he came to it Ewald reigned supreme in the criticism of the Old Testament, and though his method yielded wonderful results in his hands, yet it was too subjective and arbitrary to be capable of scientific expansion and application. So long ago as 1833 Reuss had maintained that the prophets of the eighth and seventh centuries B.C., knew nothing of the Mosaic Code, and he argued that knowledge of it, and that only in the form it bears in Deuteronomy, begins with Jeremiah; and two years later Votke on philosophical rather than historical or critical grounds contended that the Deuteronomist must have been prior to the Levitical legislation. But the suggestions did not bear fruit till Grof, in 1860, published his work on the "Historical Books of the Old Testament," in which he argued that the middle books of the Pentateuch were post-exilian. Meanwhile, in 1861, Kuenen had begun the publication of his "Onderzoek Naar het Ontstaan en de Verzameling van de Boeken des Ouden Verbouds," which throughout maintained the principles and conclusions of the older criticism. But even while it was in process his mind began to be exercised with doubts as to the validity alike of his process and results. These were defined and stimulated by Grof's book, and the result appeared in the famous "Godesdienst Von Israël," published in 1869-70, a work translated four or five years later into English. In this work we have a fine example of a critical theory at once tested and verified by its application to history. Kuenen starts from the prophets of the eighth century B.C. In them we have contemporary documents; by their aid we can look into their world, understand it, reconstruct it, and then from this sure basis of fact work our way at once back to the earliest times of the people and forward to their latest day as a nation. The work was accomplished with consummate skill, and whether it does or does not command the assent of the student, it will at least force from him the confession that bare critical analysis has disintegrated books only that it might arrange and explain a literature, interpret and unfold a history.

Since then Kuenen has worked in his own field in the patient and unwearied way of a great scholar—open-eyed, open-minded, watching for the breaking forth of more light, cheering every new labourer that ventured into the field. Some of the fruits lie before us in the new edition, not yet completed, of

his "Onderzoek" and in his many contributions to the *Theologisch Tijdschrift*. Of late he had showed evidence of growing feebleness. Some years ago death broke a singularly beautiful companionship, which had been the brightness of his darkest years; and he began to feel the loneliness of one who sees the friends of his youth and early manhood pass one by one into silence and away from sight. The last few years have wonderfully impoverished Leyden; Cobet, most erudite and elegant of Greek scholars; Scholten, most rigorous and audacious of systematic theologians, magnifying the old supralapsarian theology that he might draw a conclusion its soul would have abhorred; Renoukoff, most cultured and literary of religious philosophers; and now Kuenen, the Hebrew scholar of the old type and critic of the new school, have all vanished from the city and university they so modestly adorned while they so conspicuously served European learning. We may differ from the scholars, but we admire the men; and no one of them all was worthier of admiration, higher in thought and purpose, humbler in spirit or more magnanimous in character than Abraham Kuenen.

THE LATE W. G. WILLS.

BY ONE WHO KNEW HIM.

IT is not as a novelist, a dramatist, or a poet, that I propose to deal with Mr. Wills here, but as I knew him in private. His personality was far more interesting than were any of his works; and if he could have put himself upon the stage, with his virtues and his foibles, he would have created one of the most lovable, most original figures ever depicted. He was the last of the great Bohemians, a survival of the giant days of hugger-mugger, in which Goldsmith and Fielding played a notable part. Mr. Wills belonged to an age when the baptism of Society is of sacramental importance; he partook of the rite, but he could never accept its conditions. It has been said that, for the work of an Irishman, his writing was lacking in humour, but his nature was the embodiment of humour's most delightful characteristics. He resumed in himself its incongruities, its suggestion of laughter and tears. To think of him, even at a moment when the pang of parting is so fresh, a smile blends with the tears that start. He was so forgetful of what Society holds to be so important, so tolerant of what it considers unforgivable, so friendly towards those it considers the most undesirable of acquaintances. He forgot social engagements, he eschewed gilded saloons, but he had a most retentive memory for appointments with those in trouble. He had about him a crowd of poor dependents. His secretary for many years was a broken-down scholar he picked out of the gutter one night, brought home to his chambers, gave food and shelter and work, till, finally, the man died.

It is difficult to select from the crowd of anecdotes illustrating his manly charity, his quaint methods of showing sympathy and bringing cheer to the body-guard especially of needy and friendless ones who were ever about him. A few unvarnished stories of his kindness, his unconventionalities, his absent-mindedness, will, at any rate, hint at the manner of man who is gone from us, whose nature it would require the pen of a Thackeray to depict.

I cull at random from my personal reminiscences of him. I remember one winter night (he was a neighbour in those days, and he constantly dropped in) he called for a moment, on his way to town. From the hood of his ulster peeped the neck of a champagne bottle; on further examination, we found that a roast pheasant wrapped in paper accompanied the champagne, and that both lay on a layer of oranges. To our questions he admitted, with a shame-faced expression, he was going to see "poor X.—who was seedy and had had bad luck lately." X. needed cheering up. I see our old friend going out

into the fog, his hands in his pockets, I still hear him singing the snatch of a ballad in a ringing voice. When next we saw Mr. Wills, he fought shy of our inquiries concerning the symposium with X. "Ah! my friend," he broke out at length, with a blank expression, "don't ask me. My hood was picked on the way. When I reached the poor fellow's place only one orange remained at the bottom of my hood." The remembrance of that evening was always a sore subject with Mr. Wills.

Another friend, a cross-grained, intellectual man, who had made a failure of life, was one of his numerous *habitués*; he might be constantly seen brooding by the fireside in his studio. Mr. Wills always stood up for the elderly gentleman when any one ventured to speak disparagingly of him. He vaunted his intellect, his learning, vowing it was a privilege to know him. The old man sickened: Mr. Wills went every day to spend some time by his bedside, and every day brought some toothsome morsel, some fruit to the invalid. We found that he paid the rent, the doctor, the medicines. One day, with a troubled expression, he confided to me that he wanted to make the landlady a little present. The sick man had complained that she was impatient. Mr. Wills thought that by a diplomatic present he might bribe her into kindness. We went out to choose a bit of finery; he selected a gaudy neckerchief and a pair of green gloves. "She will look like a Barbarian Queen, but I'll be bound that kerchief will fetch her," he said, with genial confidence in the effect of the innocent wile he was practising. He moved heaven and earth to bring about a reconciliation between the invalid and the wife from whom he had been long separated. The last hours came. Mr. Wills stooped over this dying man, wiping the death sweat from his brow. "Do you know me, old friend? I am Wills!" "Wills! Wills!" murmured the sick man. "Kindness, friendship, pity; that is Wills! Call them always Wills!" And he died.

His helpfulness towards tyros in art and literature was as delicate as it was unfailing. With extraordinary inconsistency, he lived surrounded by visions of beauty in a state of surpassing hugger-mugger. Instances of his abstraction, of his forgetfulness, might fill a volume with laughable and pathetic complications. I remember one afternoon at Étretat, where with several friends he spent a summer holiday, he set off on horseback to keep an appointment at Havre. Midway he paused to light his pipe, and turned his horse's head to avoid the wind; when the pipe was lit he resumed his ride. Unfortunately, he had omitted to turn his horse's head back towards Havre, and woke only to a perception of the fact when the horse stopped in the court-yard of the hotel from the stables of which it had started. His work, be it literary or artistic, absorbed him completely. He dreamt and brooded over his dramas, jotting down notes of situations and dialogues, from which he dictated. At Étretat two young ladies offered their services as his amanuensis, and took turn about as his secretary. On the downs, in the little wood adjoining the town, in the gardens of his friends, the author and his fair amanuensis might be seen constantly at work. Mr. Wills, on such occasions, absolutely ignored his surroundings, forgot his scribe; as he dictated he would shed tears, when his theme was sorrowful; he would frown and speak in wrathful accents in scenes of anger; he rarely hesitated, but he would often pause till with the inspiration came copious words. The play was finished by the close of the season, at the Norman watering-place. Mr. Wills gave a feast to his friends and fellow-workers. He toasted the happy days of work and holiday in his extraordinarily eloquent British French; the waiters as usual came in for his liberality, which made the more reasonable largesses of others seem mean. Next morning, when his friends were packing up, suddenly Mr. Wills,

haggard and half distraught, appeared. The play was lost! The result of those weeks of toil and dreams had vanished. The consternation was universal. Étretat thrilled with the news. The fisher-folk, the hotel-keepers and servants, the visitors, who had watched with interest and sympathy "l'auteur dramatique" at work, joined in the search that was established far and wide. The mayor was visited. Mr. Wills in forcible if broken French explained the situation. The crier of the village, an old soldier, went out with his drum and proclaimed the loss of the manuscript and the author's offered reward of "a louis d'or." To no purpose; the drama was lost. The hour had come for departure, and the saddened friends turned their faces towards the diligence that was to take them to Havre. Suddenly there was a cry; a small figure was seen wildly gesticulating—a poorly clothed woman was hurrying forward. In her hand she held the play. The child had found it on the beach close to the casino—where, apparently, it had dropped out of its author's pocket—and had brought it home to his mother. The louis d'or, accompanied with a five-france piece for the lad, was dropped into the mother's hand, and Mr. Wills confessed how much he had suffered mentally, for he had not kept a note to help him to re-write the play. When this happy Bohemian's luggage was examined at the station, his portmanteau was found to contain a shirt, a long clay pipe, tobacco, and the manuscript.

As we are on the subject of his dramatic writing, we may be allowed to touch here upon his play of *Charles I.* Every scene of the drama was discussed at our house. Mr. Wills' first delineation of Cromwell did not resemble that of the finished work. The scene between the King and his antagonist was intended by the author to be typical of the meeting of opposing forces—that of monarchy and the rising democratic spirit. It was to be "the clash of two mighty storm-clouds." Conceived thus, although Mr. Wills had no sympathy with the stern Puritan, and all his pity and reverence were enlisted on the side of the martyr King, yet Cromwell, as he originally wrote the part, was a strong, if sinister, figure. The wretched exigencies of the drama would not allow him to adopt this treatment, and to the regret of his friends, and notwithstanding stormy altercations between the author and his private critics, he sought his inspiration for the representation of Cromwell in unworthy pamphlets of the period.

Mr. Wills would have bartered his success as a dramatist to win fame as a painter. His day-dreams were visions of pictures. He painted charmingly in pastels, and a number of the Royal children were depicted by his hand. The story has got into print of the telegram he sent down pleading a previous engagement when first summoned to Windsor "by command." Shyness has been assigned as the reason prompting this unconventional message; it was rather due to his shrinking from the restrictions of Court etiquette. He never referred to the incident, and later he enjoyed painting the young princes and princesses, especially the "Imperial baby," as he called the beautiful child of the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, much to the amusement of the Queen, who would often come to see, or send up to inquire, how Mr. Wills was getting on with the "Imperial baby." In oils he had not sufficient mastery of technique to convey what he saw with the inner eye. His picture of Ophelia and Laertes is perhaps the most complete of his paintings. Darkened by over-work, somewhat weak in drawing, it is yet full of a suggestive grace and force of expression. His happiest hours were those spent in painting and in writing poetry. As he wrote "Melchior," every perplexity, every other ambition dropped from him. He loved every word of that mystic conception, and when the poem was finished he printed it first for private circulation, lavishing upon it beauty of type and binding. This was no author's vanity, in the ordinary sense, but part of a certain childlike simplicity and expansion of nature.

Another volume—"Noon"; not published, but printed for his friends—contains much beauty and a romantic story, but the cold reception accorded to "Melchior" dispirited Mr. Wills, and he never cared to give this poem to the public.

He died last Sunday, after a painful illness borne with courage, thinking and talking of his old friends so long as consciousness remained, leaving behind him not a few dependent on his charity, and many who remember him as generous, pitiful, lovable. The last verse of his ballad, "The Maun o' Airlie," might well serve for his epitaph—

"A maun may die, his memory lives,
Though all be dark and lu'in,
Just like a star drapt frae the skies,
Whose ray survives its ruin."

A. C.

THE TRUTH ABOUT MONTE CARLO.

THOUGH there are many men amongst us who remember when Monte Carlo was only an uncultivated hill on which a few olive-trees grew gloomily beneath the shadow cast by the mighty rock on which the grey tower of Turbia was planted in the far-off ages, it has already gathered to itself a more luxuriant crop of myths and legends than most of the ancient cities of the world can boast of. Your newspaper adds to the number almost every day. Sometimes they are tales of horror—as of the body of the suicide flung from one of the windows of the Casino, and hidden away beneath the bushes of the famous garden; and sometimes they are joyous legends like those which gather around the name of the apocryphal Mr. Wells. But gloomy or gay, everybody reads them, and a curious picture they must raise in the minds of those to whom Monte Carlo is only known by report. To those others who have long since mastered the secret of the place, and who now visit it winter by winter with the unfailing regularity with which their fathers visited Brighton, Monte Carlo is simply the most perfect, as it is certainly the most beautiful, holiday resort in Europe. For them the "flaunting vice" of which we read in the descriptions of the place written for us by lady novelists has no existence; nor are the rooms of the Casino the scene of those dramatic incidents, those fatal entrances and exits, which have been depicted for the benefit of the outer world by a hundred graphic pens. There are a thousand persons who visit Monte Carlo every winter, and reside there for weeks at a stretch, who have never risked a five-franc piece upon the tables; there are thousands more who have never gambled more deeply in the Casino than they are wont to do in their own homes of a winter's evening. There are some, of course, of whom this cannot be said, and who have dissipated at roulette or *trente et quarante* such remnant of their substance as baccarat and the betting-ring had spared them. But they are the minority even at Monte Carlo; though the world at large believes them to constitute the real mass of the frequenters of the place.

A few plain words about Monte Carlo may not come inappropriately at this moment, when the season is beginning, and the *train de luxe* which runs from the Gare du Nord in Paris to far-away Ventimiglia on the frontiers of Italy is every night bearing its load of Britons from the cold north to the sunny south. Of the physical beauties of the place there is no need to speak. Tennyson sung them for us years ago in "The Daisy." Nowhere in Europe can a strip of country be found so rich in natural beauty as that which lies between Nice and Bordighera—the strip which the eye commands from the plateau of Turbia. The background of grey hills, the winding coast with its numberless undulations, its rocky promontories, its secret coves and bays, its fringe of silvery surf, and its glorious sheet of blue water; the groves of pine, olive, chestnut, mimosa, orange, and palm; the wealth of flowers; the countless

cascades pouring down to the sea from the mountain heights; the wonderful stretches of velvety turf, the secluded country lanes, the terraces and hanging gardens—all these things make up the picture of an earthly Paradise to be matched nowhere else. The Riviera is being over-built, it is true; at every turn the white villa gleams amid the green foliage, and the board which announces building-plots for sale catches the eye. But even now the over-building has not quite destroyed the wilder beauties of the scene, and Monte Carlo and the adjacent country still remain peerless. Within the narrow limits of the Principality the Englishman finds an additional charm in the cleanliness and decent order everywhere prevalent. There is no town in Great Britain, and, *a fortiori*, none on the Continent, so well paved, so admirably lighted, so thoroughly scavenged, as Monte Carlo. One's only cause for fault-finding in this matter is that improvements are for ever in progress, so that the ring of the mason's chisel is never unheard from year's end to year's end. As for the order maintained in the streets, it absolutely puts to shame the efforts of the authorities in London or Paris. Men may call Monte Carlo, if they please, a whitened sepulchre, but at all events they will admit the whiteness. A ceaseless vigilance prevails on the part of the authorities, and nothing in the shape of turbulence or disorder is tolerated for a moment. A lady may walk unattended at any hour of the day in the public gardens, secure in the protection she enjoys. And if one of those detestable creatures, who are the terror of the Englishwoman who has to shop in Bond Street or Piccadilly, is caught at his apish tricks in Monte Carlo, 'tis but a short shrift he receives from the powers that be. A curt intimation that his room is more desired than his company is followed by his speedy departure for Nice or Mentone. The beggars who pour along the coast-road from Italy to the north in a never-ending stream are met at the limits of the Principality, are treated to a hearty meal, and are then politely escorted to the other side of the narrow domain and sent about their business. The *cafés* and restaurants are subject to an early closing law as severe as that of London, and when once night has settled down upon the place no sound of revelry is anywhere heard. "It is the wickedest spot in the world" say some good people; and slowly walking at midnight along the palm-lined terraces and comparing the peace and tranquillity of the scene with the streets of London or Paris at the same moment, one has marvelled at the fact that such words have been applied to it.

There are people who visit Monte Carlo every year and enjoy its beauty, its cleanliness, its perfect order, without once venturing across the threshold of the Casino. We shall be bolder, however, and enter the forbidden place. Novice-days a great show of care in the admission of strangers is made. Probably it is nothing but a show, and yet was not Lord Salisbury refused admission to the rooms when he sought to enter them last winter? The newcomer who seeks to penetrate to the play-rooms must first present himself at a bureau where he states his name, his nationality, and his present residence. All these particulars are entered in a big book. He is then furnished with a "Carte d'admission personnelle valable pour un jour," on which his name is inscribed, and armed with this he is free of the privileges of the place. Before us lies a card delivered on the 18th of November at five o'clock in the afternoon. It is numbered 362. Probably another three hundred cards would be delivered before the closing of the rooms at eleven o'clock that night. But these numbers by no means represent the actual attendance. The old frequenters of the place never dream of taking out tickets of admission. They are recognised by the attendants at a glance, and admitted without let or hindrance. After an absence of two years, the present writer was recognised by the keepers of the door of the play-room, and no demand made upon him for his card of admission.

Having passed through the vestibule, the visitor may leave his coat and hat in a perfectly-appointed cloak room, the like of which could not be found in London. Then, in an outer hall, he will find the telegrams of the day posted as in a Pall Mall club. The great saloon is entered from this hall; and here smoking, lounging, and conversation, are the order of the day. From this hall opens, at the side, the splendid theatre, in which twice a day the famous band of Monte Carlo, under the leadership of M. Steck, gives concerts, which attract the lovers of good music from all quarters. The band consists of some four-score performers, and every man in it is an artist. No charge for admission to the concerts is made. Every visitor is provided with an armchair and a footstool, and programmes of each day's performance are distributed free to all. Upstairs in one of the wings of the great building, a suite of rooms has recently been opened in which all the leading newspapers of Europe and America may be found, and where stationery and all other requisites for correspondence are provided.

Of course the maintenance of this sumptuous and well-ordered establishment, as well as the care of the whole town, depends upon the revenue derived from the play-rooms. It is needless to add another to the innumerable descriptions which have already been given of those rooms—the last licensed "hell" in Europe; but a few facts concerning them may be stated. At the beginning of the present month six *roulette* tables were in full operation, each surrounded by a crowd of players and spectators, whilst two *trente et quarante* tables were at the same time in use. Each *roulette* table is attended by six ordinary and two chief croupiers; the number at *trente et quarante* being four and two respectively. Thus, in addition to servants, door-keepers, and special superintendents, the gaming tables alone found employment for sixty persons at once. Forty additional croupiers are always in attendance in the basement of the building, as well as a large number of servants and soldiers. The ringing of a bell at any one of the tables would bring the whole of this additional force instantaneously into the room; so that any disturbance, should it arise, could be quelled in a moment. But disturbances, it must be confessed, are few and far between. The few scenes which occur generally arise from disputes between players as to their stakes. Professional thieves frequent the tables regularly, and the novice or the unwary may easily have his winnings "sneaked" by one of these rogues. As a rule he has only to demand restitution firmly, and he will get it; though occasionally, if the thief assumes virtuous airs, the table will pay both—for the one thing which nobody will tolerate in the play-rooms is a disturbance. The etiquette of the place demands that all should speak in subdued tones; that the greatest politeness should mark the bearing of all to their neighbours; and that the decisions of the chief croupiers on points in dispute should be accepted without demur. A peculiar stillness, which is almost solemn, consequently broods over the little groups surrounding the tables; nobody laughs, few smile, whispers only are exchanged. The rattle of the roulette-wheel and the clink of the lost money which is being raked in by the croupiers are the only sounds usually heard. A man happened to sneeze in the rooms very loudly the other day, and he positively caused a momentary panic, the players rushing from the tables to ascertain the meaning of the sudden noise. The height of solemnity and the depth of silence are reached in the *trente et quarante* rooms, for there is here not even the rattle of the roulette-wheel, whilst gold and bank-notes alone are staked. The highest play goes on usually at these tables, though the Duc de Dino, Baron Arthur de Rothschild, and one or two of the leading players this season have stuck to *roulette*, where the excitement is greater, and the combinations of chances both for and against the player are more numerous. Let nobody dream of making a fortune at either of

the games played here. Most of the stories of great gains by lucky individuals are fables, or at least gross exaggerations, concocted in the interests of the Casino by newspaper correspondents in its pay. In nineteen cases out of twenty the people who play at Monte Carlo find themselves at the end of the season losers by their play; and the fortunate twentieth man is almost certain, if he returns next year, to lose all that he has won and something more to boot. The tables are managed with absolute fairness; the officials are honest as well as obliging; the player is allowed to choose his own way of playing, but in every single instance the chances are in favour of the bank, and naturally in the long run the overwhelming majority of those who play lose. If it were not so this earthly paradise would never have been created. Music and newspapers and telegrams would not have been provided free of charge, and the lovely grounds of the Casino, in midwinter green and fragrant as an English garden in June, would never have delighted the eye.

Happily the number of visitors to Monte Carlo who play heavily is comparatively small. Most of the residents in the big hotels—always excepting the *Hôtel de Paris*—spend their time in walking, driving, listening to the concerts, making expeditions to neighbouring places, or in basking in the glorious sunshine on the terraces. During the intervals between the concerts they will walk through the play-rooms and risk a louis or a five-franc piece; they will even watch the curious runs in favour of black or red, or odd or even numbers; but it is only on very rare occasions that they allow themselves to be drawn into the vortex, and on those occasions, it must be confessed, they have generally reason to feel sorry for themselves afterwards.

There are some, of course, who fare differently, and who are quickly helped on the road to ruin by the facilities for gambling which are afforded at Monte Carlo. But would not these persons destroy themselves as quickly by betting in England or baccarat in France? Of the tragedies which popular tradition associates with the place the visitor will find few traces. A visit to the so-called "cemetery for suicides" the other day revealed the fact that only one grave had been dug in it within the last eighteen months, and that, all told, it contained but eighteen bodies. It must be added that no reliance whatever is to be placed upon the telegraphic news about Monte Carlo appearing in the French and English newspapers. There are certain newspapers which are under the influence of the authorities of the Casino, and in these nothing unfavourable to the place is ever printed. There are certain other newspapers the conductors of which are anxious to secure their share in the "reptile fund," and these seek to attain their end by promulgating absurd calumnies upon the Casino and all connected with it. It is not for us to pronounce upon the moral question involved in the existence of this establishment at the fairest spot in Europe. Public opinion has already spoken in no uncertain manner on that subject. But there are other attractions at Monte Carlo besides the play-rooms, and all who go there are not gamblers. As we sit on the terrace in front of Ciro's admirable restaurant, the favourite resort of the English at Monte Carlo, and sip our afternoon tea whilst the eye wanders along the coast-line to where, beyond Cap Martin and Mentone, Bordighera is nestling in the midst of her groves of oranges and lemons, we not unfrequently hear the trite quotation referring to the spot—

"Where every prospect pleases
And only man is vile."

But really in justice to Monte Carlo it must be said that there are some men and women here to whom the quotation does not apply, and that, as a matter of fact, if you really desired to meet a particularly vile person of either sex you would probably find the task more difficult here than it would be in London, or in Paris, in Nice, in Naples, or in Rome.

GOSSIP IN A LIBRARY.

THERE were no books in Eden, and there will be none in Heaven; but between times—and it is of those we speak—it is otherwise. Mr. Thomas Greenwood in his most meritorious work on Public Libraries (Simpkin, Marshall & Co.), supplies figures which show that, without counting pamphlets (which are books gone wrong) or manuscripts (which are books *in terrorem*) there are at this present moment upwards of seventy-one million printed books in bindings, in the several public libraries of Europe and America. To estimate the number and extent of private libraries in those countries is impossible. In many large houses there are no books at all—which is to make ignorance visible; whilst in many small houses there are, or seem to be, nothing else—which is to make knowledge inconvenient; yet as there are upwards of two hundred and eighty millions of inhabitants of Europe and America, we cannot greatly err if we allow a passion for round numbers to drive us to the assertion that there are at least three hundred million books in these countries, not counting bibles and prayer-books. It is a poor show! Russia is greatly to blame; her European population of eighty-eight millions being so badly provided for that it brings down the average. Were we to leave Russia out in the cold, we might, were our books to be divided amongst our population *per capita*, rely upon having two volumes apiece. This would not afford Mr. Gosse much material for gossip, particularly as his two books might easily chance to be duplicates.

There are no habits of man more alien to the doctrine of the Communist than those of the collector, and there is no collector, not even that basest of them all, the Belial of his tribe, the man who collects money, whose love of private property is intenser, whose sense of the joys of ownership is keener than the book-collector's. Mr. William Morris hints at a good time coming, when at almost every street-corner there will be a public library, where beautiful and rare books will be kept for citizens to examine. The citizen will first wash his hands in a parochial basin, and then dry them on a parochial towel, after which ritual he will walk in and stand *en queue* until it comes to be his turn to feast his eye upon some triumph of modern or some miracle of old typography. He will then return to a bookless home proud and satisfied, tasting of the joy that is in widest commonality spread. Alas! he will do nothing of the kind, not, at least, if he is one of those in whom the old Adam of the bookstalls still breathes. A public library must always be an abomination. To enjoy a book, you must own it. "John Jones; his book," that is the best book-plate. I have never admired the much-talked-of book-plate of Grolier, which, in addition to his own name, bore the ridiculous device *Et Amicorum*. Fudge! There is no evidence that Grolier ever lent any man a book with his plate in it. His collection was dispersed after his death, and then sentimentalists fell a-weeping over his supposed generosity. It would be as reasonable to commend the hospitality of a dead man because you found amongst his papers a vast number of unposted invitations to dinner upon a date he long outlived. Sentiment is seldom in place, but on a book-plate it is peculiarly odious. To paste in each book an invitation to steal it, as Grolier seems to have done, is foolish; but so also is it to invoke, as some book-plates do, curses upon the heads of all subsequent possessors—as if any man who wanted to add a volume to his collection would be deterred by such braggadocio. But this is a digression. Public libraries, we were saying, can never satisfy the longings of book-collectors any more than can the private libraries of other people. Whoever really cared a snap of his fingers for the contents of another man's library, unless he is known to be dying? It is a humorous spectacle to watch one book-collector exhibiting his stores to another If the owner is a gentleman, as he usually is, he

affects indifference—"A poor thing," he seems to say, "yet mine own"; whilst the visitor, if human, as he always is, exhibits disgust. If the volume preferred for the visitor's examination is a genuine rarity, not in his own collection, and surlily inquires how it was come by, whilst if it is no great thing he testily expresses his astonishment it should be thought worth keeping, and this, although he has the very same edition at home.

On the other hand, though actual visits to other men's libraries rarely seem to give pleasure, the perusal of the catalogues of such libraries has always been a favourite pastime of collectors; but this can be accounted for without in any way aspersing the truth of the general statement that the only books a lover of them takes pleasure in are his own.

Mr. Gosse's recent volume, "Gossip in a Library" (Heinemann), the title of which we have appropriated, is a very pleasing example of the pleasure taken by a book-hunter in his own books. Just as some men and more women assume your interest in the contents of their schoolrooms and nurseries, so Mr. Gosse seeks to win our ears as he talks to us about some of the books on his shelves. He has secured my willing attention, and is not likely to be disappointed of a considerable audience.

We live in vocal times, when small birds make melody on every bough. The old book-collectors were a taciturn race, the Bindleys, the Sykes', the Hebers. They made their vast collections in silence; their own tastes, fancies, predilections, they concealed. They never gossiped of their libraries; their names are only preserved to us by the prices given for their books after their deaths. Bindley's copy fetched £3 10s., Sykes', £4 15s. Thus is the buyer of to-day tempted to his doom, forgetful of the fact that these great names are only quoted when the prices realised at their sales were less than those now demanded.

But solacing as is the thought of those grave, silent times, indisposed as one often is for the chirpy familiarities of this present, it is, or it ought to be, a pious and therefore pleasant reflection that there never was a time when more people found delight in book-hunting, or were more willing to pay for and read about their pastime than now.

Rich people may, no doubt, still be met with who think it a serious matter to buy a book if it cost more than three-and-ninepence. It was recently alleged in an affidavit made by a doctor in Lunacy, that for a well-to-do bachelor to go into the Strand, and in the course of the same morning spend £5 in the purchase of "old books," was a ground for belief in his insanity and for locking him up. These, however, are but the vagaries of disease, for it is certain that the number of people who will read a book like Mr. Gosse's steadily increases. This is its justification, and it is a complete one. It can never be wrong to give pleasure. To talk about books is better than to read about them, but, as a matter of hard fact, the opportunities life affords of talking about books are very few. The mood and the company seldom coincide; when they do, it is delightful, but they seldom do, and therefore it is we are grateful for what at first sight might seem a superfluity, namely, a book about books.

Mr. Gosse's book ought not to be read in a fierce, nagging spirit which demands, What is the good of this? or, Who cares for that? His talk, it must be admitted, is not of masterpieces. The books he takes down for us are—in some instances, at all events—sad trash. Smart's poems, for example, in an edition of 1752, which does not contain the "David," is not a book which, viewed baldly and by itself, can be honestly described as worth reading. This remark is not prompted by jealousy, for I have the book myself, and seldom fail to find the list of subscribers interesting, for, amongst many other famous names, it contains those of "Mr. Gray, Peter's College, Cambridge," "Mr. Samuel Richardson, Editor of 'Clarissa,' two books," and "Mr.

Voltaire, Historiographer of France." There are various Johnsons among the subscribers, but not Samuel, who apparently would liefer pray with Kit Smart than buy his poetry, thereby showing the Doctor's usual piety and good sense.

Although the nagging spirit before referred to is to be deprecated, it is sometimes amusing to lose your temper with your own hobby. If a book-collector ever does this, he longs to silence whole libraries of bad authors. "'Tis an inglorious acquist," says Joseph Glanvill in his famous "Vanity of Dogmatizing"—I quote from the first edition, 1661, though the second is the rarer—"to have our heads or volumes laden as were Cardinal Campeius his mules, with old and useless luggage." "'Twas this vain idolising of Authors," Glanvill had just before observed, "which gave birth to that silly vanity of *impertinent citations*, and inducing authority in things neither requiring nor deserving it." In the same strain he proceeds, "Methinks 'tis a pitiful piece of knowledge that can be learnt from an *Index* and a poor Ambition to be rich in the Inventory of another's Treasure. To boast a *Memory* (the most that these pedants can aim at) is but an humble ostentation. 'Tis better to own a Judgment, though but with a *Curta Supellec* of coherent notions, than a *Memory* like a Sepulchre furnished with a load of broken and discarnate bones." Thus far the fascinating Glanvill, whose mode of putting things is powerful.

There are times when the contemplation of huge libraries wearis, and when even the names of Bindley and Sykes fail to please. Dr. Johnson's Library sold at Christie's for £247 9s. Let those sneer who dare. It was Johnson, not Bindley, who wrote the Life of Dryden.

But, of course, no sensible man every really quarrels with his hobby. A little petulance every now and again variegates the monotony of routine. Mr. Gosse tells us in his book that he cannot resist Restoration comedies. The bulk of them he knows to be as bad as bad can be. He admits they are not literature—whatever that may mean—but he intends to go on collecting them all the same till the inevitable hour when Death collects him. This is the true spirit—herein lies happiness, which consists in being interested in something, it does not much matter what. In this spirit let us take up Mr. Gosse's book again, and read what he has to tell us about "Pharamond, or the History of France. A New Romance. In four parts," or about Mr. John Hopkin's collection of poems, printed by Thos. Warren for Bennet Bury at the Blue Anchor, in the Lower-Walk of the New Exchange, 1700. The romance is dull and the poetry bad, but as we do not seriously intend ever to read a line of either, this is no great matter.

A. BIRRELL.

THE OLD HUMOUR AND THE NEW.

THOSE who read newspapers will probably have noticed on two days out of every three a paragraph which runs somewhat after this fashion:

"Mr. William Hatch, who is at present enjoying a temporary seclusion, has apparently a great desire to be well dressed, combined, however, with a most unfortunate inability to make that distinction between *meum* and *tuum* which the law requires. A few nights ago this individual, tired of the plebeian character of his surroundings in his native Whitechapel, paid a call at a certain house in Eaton Square. The hour which he selected—two in the morning—was slightly unusual; and, possibly from a humane desire not to give the servants any unnecessary trouble, he made his entrance unannounced by a back window. He found in the hall a handsome fur coat, and it occurred to the ingenuous mind of Mr. William Hatch that," etc.

One would not deny for a moment that this kind of facetiousness is popular. The London young man

reads it and chuckles over it. He calls the attention of his companion in the omnibus or railway carriage to it.

"I say, Awthur, look 'ere—this ain't bad: they've got a bit about that man 'Atch. You remember—whort broke into that 'ouse in Eaton Square. The first pawt's got some French words in it. Just begin at 'a few noits ago this indervidshul.'" Arthur reads it with satisfaction. "Now, I wonder," he says, "'oo they gets to wroite that." It is possible that others of a more critical mind will share Arthur's wonder. Is it a human being, or do they train a dog to do it? Who is it that speaks of Hatch the burglar as Mr. William Hatch; that writes "this individual" instead of "he"; that employs so freely the stale trick of the euphemistic synonym?

The writer is probably a man—a real and clever man. It is this thought which makes such paragraphs seem to one so infinitely sad. Nor is the writer much to be blamed. He writes or dictates his paragraph on a given subject in a given time. Humour under such circumstances is not possible, but facetiousness is always ready; it can be turned off and on like the gas—the steady, yellow, evil-smelling gas. Humour is like the electric light, sharp and white, and with the same knack of disappearing when it is most wanted. Facetiousness has the great gasometer of the past upon which to draw, and may go on for ever. Humour destroys the very thing upon which its existence depends, just as the light in the electric lamp destroys the delicate carbon filament. The man who writes for the daily press naturally resorts to facetiousness. He is not to blame; nor is his editor to blame for giving his readers what they want.

But the readers—the general public—we ourselves—are to blame. We insist on having more humour than is ever produced, just as we every year buy and drink more champagne than is grown. We refuse to see that as a rule the good things are rare. There are very few humorists, and the amount which they can produce is very small. Yet we have many papers which assert that they are entirely comic; we have very few papers which never attempt a light and amusing article. The public will have it so. In this they are unreasonable, and do not do justice to the humorist; it is quite right of them to admire the good thing, but they should not expect to get some of it every week or every month. There can be no such thing as a regular output of humour. If the inspiration is necessary to any form of composition, it is especially necessary to humorous writing. In true humour, to miss the divine carelessness is to miss everything. There is a second charge which must be brought against the public. In one way they ask too much of the humorist, but in another way they ask too little. They demand amusement from him too often; they ask him too seldom for those other qualities—the gifts of invention, imagination, and poetry—which are always to be found in conjunction with true humour. They know, probably, the old commonplace that extremes meet, that humour and pathos are cognate; but they forget it in their eagerness for laughter. And, above all, the public must be blamed for its forbearance towards that cheap substitute, facetiousness. We make our own laws; and when a writer turns out the mechanical and facetious paragraph about the police-court case, it ought to be possible to proceed against him for open dulness in a public place. At present we are too tolerant. To write of sea-sickness, or drunkenness, or pawn-brokers, or embarrassing accidents, is considered to be humorous. We look at the subject, and not at the treatment. We are content to read and admire the very worst comicality.

It may have occurred to some that in this condemnation of facetiousness I am really condemning myself and a little book of unimportant experiments which I brought out this year. That may be so. But I was not thinking of my own work; I wanted chiefly to point out that, in three particulars, the

attitude of the public towards the humorist is wrong: the public expects too much humour, rarely calls upon the writer to exercise his other qualities, and, when it cannot get humour, is content to take the cheap substitute.

This terrible facetiousness nearly always comes from working a field which is already exhausted. The smart paragraphist is imitating an imitation: through a series of a thousand imitations we may trace him back to a real humourist—possibly to Dickens. In humour we cannot be conservative; we may delight in the old humour only as old humour: we may read it, but we ought not to write it. The only humour which we have any business to write is new humour. Every man at the present day who is a humorist at all is a new humorist. In speaking of the new humour I make no claim; I speak with no authority, but simply as a common man who happens to have thought sometimes about the subject.

The humour of the past seems to have dealt chiefly, but by no means entirely, with the characters and incidents of real life, or with characters and incidents which purport to belong to real life. A part of that field is possibly exhausted, but there are measureless tracts still unexplored. The stories of Mr. Stockton and the "Voces Populi" of Mr. Anstey show that there is still room for humour here—wildly farcical or gently satirical. And any quite ordinary person, with only a small experience of life, may have noticed in the merciless tricks of destiny, in the unthinking doggedness of a natural law, in the ghastly incongruities with which Nature spoils her most beautiful scenes and stories, room for humour of a more grim and, possibly, less pleasing kind. Laughter is better than impotent anger. The new humorist—the humorist of to-day—may find his material in real life. But it is difficult to see why he should be limited, as he very often is, to real life. If there is one gift more than another which opens to a man the world of the imagination, that gift is humour. Here that divine carelessness which is essential to true humour can move unimpeded; there are no stupid limitations; one needs no paltry research to acquire the local colour; one need not consult the lawyer, the doctor, nor the antiquarian, in order to gain a mean and stupid accuracy. The world of the imagination knows no laws and no limitations but those which the instinct of the artist imposes upon him. It is not easy, as it may seem to some, to acquit one's self well in that world; it is not true that anyone can write a story of the imaginary world. There is a distinction between carelessness, the habit of merely making mistakes, and that divine carelessness which belongs to true humour. Are there twelve men alive at the present time who can even write nonsense-verses well—the songs of the imaginary world? It may safely be doubted. Mr. Lewis Carrol entered that world, and excused himself on the plea that he was writing for children. But there are more adults than children who thoroughly appreciate and enjoy "Alice in Wonderland." Many men, of education and average intelligence, keep among the treasures of their memory a few verses of "The Hunting of the Snark." The popularity of such work seems to prove that what is sometimes called nonsense—the work of humour in the world of the imagination—is appreciated as much by adults as by children. Our praise of sense is quite conventional; we know in our hearts that mere sense is generally much overrated. And yet, if we are going to let ourselves loose for a time in this world of the imagination, we must masquerade as writers for children. A word might be said for the apologue. As a rule, the editors will not look at it, and the critics hate it. It is not very easy to understand why this is so. There are, of course, a number of men who reveal their whole temperament by saying, "I hate impossible stories." They are not to be blamed; it is a question of temperament. But the apologue, if it is written well, is always certain of its audience. It is a form

of literature which is much less exhausted than the lump of stirring incidents which is welcomed as a novel of adventure. In its delicate fantasy and suggestiveness it appeals especially to the qualities of the humorist. There is no particular reason why the apologue should offend the young person.

The ground, hitherto untried, which lies before the humorist is vast indeed. It is a pity that he should be confined to real life, and set to the manufacture of new bricks out of exceedingly old straw. If he can do such work—and some can—the effect is delightful. But some find that they cannot; and, in their search for fresh material, they find themselves confronted by notices of "No apolagues," or, "Imagination will be prosecuted." Then they go away, and are driven by sheer desperation to become facetious, for which they afterwards despise themselves.

The mistakes of the humorist are, to some extent, unavoidable: they are caused by the same qualities which give the charm to his work. Judicious criticism is beyond price to the humorist. It may not be able to eradicate his petulance and carelessness, nor is that required. But it may teach him his duty towards his proof-sheets.

BARRY PAIN.

LITERARY REPUTATIONS IN 1891.

OF established literary reputations—I am speaking of this country alone—there is little to report this year. It is in the valleys and among the lesser heights that we must tell our gains and losses; for the wind that has blown there seems to have left the more eminent peaks unstirred, for good or ill. No Newman has fallen, no Browning, in the twelve months that have taken such melancholy toll of Parliament and the Church; and we hold from America, who gave him to us, our title to lament for Lowell. On the other hand there is little to rejoice over. Lord Tennyson has uttered nothing, or next to nothing; and though his eighty-odd years with their splendid record have set him catherdally above all talk about reputation—though living men in dealing with his work must be content, with Mr. Churton Collins, to be commentators rather than critics—yet this very supremacy prevents our talking with satisfaction of any year in which Lord Tennyson has been silent. Mr. Swinburne's reputation stands where it did. He, too, has uttered little, and perhaps is waiting for the flow of his ideas to catch up with his facility, which of late years has been dancing somewhat far ahead. He can very well afford to wait; for nobody threatens to capture his place, which is second to the Laureate's on any other reckoning than that of "Eclipse first: the rest nowhere." Mr. William Morris now seeks his Earthly Paradise without the Muse's help. Mr. Lewis Morris since publishing his "Vision of Saints" has been almost voiceless. Sir Edwin Arnold has upset nobody's opinion with his "Light of the World"; and Mr. Alfred Austin has clothed six or seven volumes of his works in uniform binding without affecting their value.

The greater historians, too, escape our comparisons. The massive work upon which Professor Freeman is toiling cannot be judged at this stage. Kinglake is gone, but his work was done and judgment passed upon it before he died: and while in sense of proportion and the architectonic gift he left many who plainly excelled him, it was also pretty generally allowed that even in building up a page Mr. Froude was his master. Kinglake's difficult Thucydidean sentence betrays a man overburdened with his material and unable to escape the consciousness of his burden even in moments of inspiration. Froude wears his material lightly—too carelessly, it is alleged; but always as an armour rather than a mere load. His easy, sometimes colloquial, mastery of the phrase is a trap to critics, who do not readily perceive a work to be great unless it be ostentatiously toilsome. Never-

theless, and though he has failed of full appreciation, Mr. Froude had the credit of being left by Newman's death first in the field of English prose. He has been active this year. But the supplementary volume of his history is mainly a digest, not wholly judicial, of evidence supporting his view of the divorce of Catherine of Arragon; while his sketch of Lord Beaconsfield can hardly be regarded with contentment by those who found his "Life and Letters of Thomas Carlyle" the finest achievement in English biography since Boswell, not forgetting Lockhart, or Trevelyan, or Mrs. Gaskell. Lastly, we have had in *Longman's Magazine* his papers on the *Armada*, wherein his language—now and then—reminded the reader of an old carpet slipper, exceedingly rich of hue, but a trifle too loose for elegance. Mr. Lecky—"Not here, O Apollo! Are haunts meet for thee"—has been tuning the lyre with amiable skittishness at the close of more serious labours and addressing Amaryllis in the shade after this fashion:—

"Farewell, maiden, though thine eye
With youth's brightest sunshine glows,
Though thy mantling blushes vie
With the splendours of the rose;
Beauty's flush may pass away
Fleeting like a summer's day."

The publication of Mr. Ruskin's "Juvenilia" was more interesting, not (as some critics supposed) because it proved a false start in Mr. Ruskin's career, but because bad verse has in the history of so many authors been the painful preliminary of good prose that the volume may some day be an invaluable document in the hands of a psychologist setting out to trace the connection.

In prose fiction the record is fuller. Mr. George Meredith and Mr. Thomas Hardy have exhibited new work: and though Mr. Henry James has been beguiled by the stage and Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson by the palms and cascades of Apia, the latter has given us a series of papers on the South Seas, and, in the *Century Magazine*, several instalments of his new tale, "The Wrecker." An ardent admirer of Mr. Meredith, I am one whose admiration has been increased enormously by "One of Our Conquerors." In this book he has dared again, as he dared in "Rhoda Fleming," to handle the evolution of dissimilar characters in a position condemned by popular morality. In their merits and in their blemishes the two works, separated by such an interval of time, have strong resemblances, down to the wry influence of Dickens, which seems responsible for Anthony Hackbut in the one and the Mrs. Burman (so strangely derived from the pages of "Little Dorrit") in the other. The characters in "Rhoda Fleming" are nearer to naked humanity, those in "One of Our Conquerors" to comedy—such comedy as Mr. Meredith has given us before in "Evan Harrington," "Harry Richmond," "Sandra Belloni," "The Egoist," and therefore, perhaps, the tragic issues of the earlier tale touch us more intimately. But to the comedy of "One of Our Conquerors" we owe not only much illuminating wit but a chapter (that treating of the Duidney ladies and their lapdog Tasso) which for delightful and delicate humour has not been approached since Scott penned a famous chapter of "The Antiquary." The book is one of the two best novels of the year—perhaps the best—but it will only be tasted by those who have already sworn faith to Meredith. For the language, especially in the first hundred pages, is more fantastic and coruscating in its wit than ever, and the chief butt of all this wit is the General Public of Great Britain. Mr. Hardy's "Group of Noble Dames" is a string of short stories, and in the short story Mr. Hardy—if we except that unsurpassed tale of "The Three Strangers"—has never moved nimbly. His method of building up a character piecemeal, by delicate touch and innuendo, has no scope in a dozen pages. Moreover, he appears somewhat aggressively anxious that his heroines shall have illegitimate children

to spite the late Mr. Mudie—an insufficient excuse for an artist. It must be added, though, that his "Tess of the D'Urbervilles," now running in the *Graphic*, promises to stand as a masterpiece beside "The Mayor of Casterbridge." The course of that bright particular star, Mr. Stevenson, is more doubtful. Neither in the "Ballads" published last Christmas, nor in his papers in *Black and White*, nor even (with Mr. Lang's leave) in as much as I have read of "The Wrecker" am I constrained by the old charm; and the eagerness of my search bears witness to me concerning the strength of that charm. Nor am I alone in missing it. That Mr. Stevenson, writing from the South Seas, will create unto himself new disciples is likely enough; but that will be poor satisfaction to us, who hunger for the old flavour and find disappointment. To hurry through a list of eminent names let me only say that Mr. William Black, Mr. James Payn, and Mr. Walter Besant keep their old and enormous popularity; that Mr. Rider Haggard holds with "Eric Brighteyes" the audience (including Mr. Lang) he won with his early successes; and that Mr. Christie Murray—like Mr. Henry James, yet with a difference—has betaken himself to the writing of plays.

In the matter of fiction, however, this has been a year of young reputations. In poetry scarce one young recruit comes forward whose chest-measurement can be called satisfactory. Owen Meredith is gone "with all his rose," and to replace him out of a crowd of competitors we may select Mr. Watson, whose "Wordsworth's Grave" is melodious, full of reflection, but not more full of promise (we may recollect) than the dead man's "Clytemnestra" in its day; and we know now how that promise misled. There is Mr. John Davidson, who may possibly do great things; and Mr. J. K. Stephen, who (report says) is bursting the bands of verse, too narrow for his powers, and writing a novel. But, with very few exceptions, we are listening to the verse of older men than these—to the Rev. T. E. Brown (by whose "Betsy Lee," "The Doctor," and "Tommy Big-eyes" the few will always swear), to Mr. Henley, and to Mr. Dobson, if he will but give us another volume.

But in prose fiction I may be forgiven for holding that this year the race has been with the younger writers. Their best achievement is, of course, Mr. Barrie's "Little Minister," which fairly bids against Mr. Meredith's book for the honours of the year, and has advanced its author at one stride to be one of the leaders. This poetic tale, told with apparent simplicity, yet with an arrangement of effects that is almost too clever, misses absolute greatness, if at all, as "Lorna Doone" misses it, because the reader, on closing the book, cannot retain the belief, thrust upon him for the time by the writer, that the hero and heroine could by any chance agree as husband and wife. But the book will certainly stand level with "Lorna Doone," and to a young man who has accomplished this anything may happen. Mr. Kipling's fate still lies on the knees of the gods. His latest book, "Life's Handicap," contains the best he has uttered as yet; but it also contains the worst, and the worst was written after the best. It is hard to believe that such tales as "Dinah Shadd," and "Without Benefit of Clergy," are not the work of strong genius; and it is almost as hard to guess how so young a man is to improve upon a view of life which at twenty-six is all-embracing. On the whole it seems best to fall back upon Dominie Sampson's "Prodigious!" and wait till he again essays a long story. Mrs. Woods, in "Esther Vanhomrigh," has attempted that which was almost impossible, and emerged from the struggle with the reputation of a sincere artist. "Lanoe Falconer" in "Cecilia de Noël" has made a large advance upon "Mademoiselle Ixe." Mr. Stanley Weyman in "The New Rector" seems to have found his method and may desert adventurous romance to follow it to great ends; while Mr. Conan Doyle, adhering to adventurous romance and working on a basis of careful research, has equalled but

hardly beaten his "Micah Clarke" with "The White Company." Mr. George Moore has astonished his numerous enemies by a tale of merits which they must be content to deny. Mr. Du Maurier has scattered a story of conspicuous incoherence around exquisite specimens of the art which he follows seriously. Mr. Norris, who writes novels seriously, and with them does for society that which Mr. Du Maurier does with his pencil, has maintained his position as the one author who can reproduce with verisimilitude the conversation of well-bred men and women. Of "Rolf Boldrewood" enough may be read in the premature obituary notices which went around the papers a few months ago. He is understood to be living them down. A word of genuine sorrow must be said upon Mr. Balestier, who died of typhoid fever at Dresden but a week or two ago. "The Naulakha," a novel written by him in collaboration with Mr. Kipling, is now appearing in the *Century*; and, besides this, he has published little that is known. But nobody who was acquainted with him can doubt that a man of extraordinary promise has been lost to us, or fail to miss and mourn for his eager and brilliant converse.

In comparison with 1890, 1891 has been remarkably poor in biography, and nothing has been done to beat, or even compare with, Mr. Edmund Gosse's Memoir of his father—a work which has attracted far less attention than it deserves, and is in truth one of the most noteworthy performances of the year. Lord Rosebery's sketch of Pitt, however, is taken to prove that his lordship can excel in literature as in some other fields, if he chooses. In the matter of criticism we are almost as far behind the French as usual: and can only boast, if at all, over Mr. Saintsbury's volume of Essays on the French Novelists, Mr. Lang's *Causeries*, and a few of Mr. Oscar Wilde's papers. Dramatic criticism is waking out of its long sleep, however—thanks to Messrs. William Archer and A. B. Walkley: and as for the drama itself Mr. H. A. Jones—but at this point it is high time to break off and allow my colleague "A. B. W." his word.

A. T. QUILLER-COUCH.

THE DRAMA IN 1891.

THE chief event of the dramatic year has been the creation of a party of Reform. A demand for reform had, of course, previously arisen—it may be said, roughly, to date from the performance of *A Doll's House*, by Miss Janet Achurch and Mr. Charrington, nearly three years ago at the Royalty—and reformers existed, but they were isolated, they were voices crying in the wilderness, they were not a party. There was a vague sense of discontent with existing theatrical formulas, a tendency to negative and destructive criticism, but no definite policy or programme. A body of positive doctrine was soon supplied in the complete series of Henrik Ibsen's prose plays, translated by Mr. William Archer and published by Mr. Walter Scott. M. Antoine brought over the company of the Théâtre Libre from Paris to show that not only were new themes to be hoped for, but a new technique. With the beginning of the present year ideas of reform, thus previously in solution, were precipitated, and took definite shape. The Independent Theatre, imitated from M. Antoine's, was initiated by Mr. J. T. Grein, as a home for types of drama not conditioned by the demands of the unreformed majority. For the opening of this institution a play was chosen which had already convulsed Scandinavia and the chief artistic capitals of Germany, and had even disturbed the insular complacency of Paris. This was Ibsen's powerful, crude, repulsive, fascinating tragedy, *Ghosts*, and its production rendered the Reformers the inestimable service, not only of revealing them to themselves, but of showing them who were their friends and who their enemies. Among the latter were, it was clear, to be reckoned the majority